The New REPUBLIC

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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IN its stubborn attempt to force the Ship Purchase bill through Congress, the administration is exhibiting obstinacy rather than wise resolution. As a matter of party policy, such an extreme measure as a special rule adopted to bring about the passage of a particular bill should not be taken except for the benefit of legislation upon which the party was united, and for which a clear preponderance of favorable public opinion could be obtained. The Ship Purchase bill is opposed by a considerable number of Democratic Senators—so many that the vote of the Vice-President will be necessary to adopt the special rule. The public opinion favorable to the bill has been diminishing rather than increasing. Many people who were inclined to believe in the beginning that the plan of the administration was a dubious but necessary experiment and the one possible way to secure an American merchant marine, are becoming convinced that the experiment has become less necessary and more dubious. It will do little to relieve immediate congestion because the congestion depends chiefly on because the foreign consumers are now paying the exorbitant freights. It is unnecessary to the creation of an American merchant marine, because, as is pointed out in another column, Americans are now building ships in large numbers. If the war lasts a year or two longer the United States will jump from a very minor to a major position in the ocean carrying trade. Under such circumstances the method of government ownership and operation, which has a poor chance of success in such a highly competitive business, should not be exposed to the risk and the discomfitures of failure.

BACK in 1896 Bernard Shaw wrote a tract called "Socialism for Millionaires," which began with the remark that "the millionaire class, a small but growing one, into which any of us may be flung to-morrow by the accident of commerce, is perhaps the most neglected in the community." He referred in his benevolence to "a new crop of individual portraits so monstrous as to make their possessors publicly ridiculous; the problem is how to unload without the waste, pauperization and demoralization that are summed up in England under the word Charity." After many warnings against any form of endowment which merely does for the public what the public ought to do for itself, Shaw produced this "simple formula" for the public benefactor: "Never give people anything they want; give them something they ought to want and don't." And he mentioned as sensible interests which might be subsidized, experiment, propaganda, exploration, discovery, political and industrial information. These are what might be called the spending opportunity of the millionaire. But there is another opportunity for a great employer like Mr. Rockefeller. He could, if he had the vision and the courage, make real experiment in the management of industry. He might in some large industry which he controls try out the combination of high wages, model working conditions, and consumers' and workers' representation in the management. He

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theories. The freedom to take risks and make mistakes is the real opportunity of a man like Mr. Rockefeller.

FEW people think pleasant thoughts when the word government is used. Government to them means the policeman, the judge, the district attorney, the soldier, the tax collector, or an inhumanely complicated set of commissions and regulations. When they say that the less "government" we have the better, they are thinking primarily of the old military and dynastic state which is actually imposed upon their lives. But in the very heart of this older state which governs in the older sense, there appears somewhat furtively the new democratic state, which is in fact and not in name only the creature and the servant of the people. Perhaps the best example is the Children's Bureau as conducted by Miss Julia Lathrop. "It is evidently the final purpose of the bureau," she writes, "to serve all children, to try to work out the standards of care and protection which shall give to every child its fair chance in the world." Governing here has quite evidently taken on a fresh meaning, has turned itself from the guardian of ancient law and the order that happens to exist into a progressively useful agent of a rising civilization.

THE new sanity expressed by the Children's Bureau was bound inevitably to reveal the worst sides of our civilization. The bureau by its mere existence is an indictment of the handling and care of American children. We have at hand now the first large inquiry made by Miss Lathrop's staff. It is a study of infant mortality in the fairly typical industrial town of Johnstown, Pa., a very able and careful piece of work, carried on quite obviously without the least taint of exaggeration. Yet the results are so damning that if we had active social consciences we should not rest until the causes had been brought to light, examined and remedied. Here are some of the large results: the infant death rate varied in different parts of the same city; in the poorest section two hundred and seventy-one out of a thousand babies died; this was five times as many deaths as in the best residential section. "The deaths of the babies investigated," says the report, "were in inverse proportion to the earnings of their fathers. Babies whose fathers earned less than ten dollars a week died at the rate of two hundred and fifty-six per thousand. Those whose fathers earned twenty-five or more dollars a week died at the rate of eighty-four per thousand." Truly the trouble with the poor is efficiency and so on—we still confront the evidence of the report, that the curse of the fathers descends upon the generations, that the innocent suffer, that the price of poverty is paid by society at its most vital point, in the lives of the next generation.

THE Republican majority at Albany have authorized the submission of a woman suffrage amendment to the voters of New York in the expectation that it will meet with overwhelming popular defeat. Their expectation may well be justified, but the submission of the amendment is none the less a real victory and a rare opportunity for the suffrage cause. What the suffrage propaganda needs above everything else is the opportunity for effective public agitation. The reference of the question to popular vote in the most populous state and city in the Union constitutes the best opportunity for effective agitation which has ever been offered to women suffragists. Even though they fail to carry the amendment, the agitation which the subject will receive in New York and other important states will pave the way for future success. It will gradually accustom the minds of the male electorate to the idea that "votes for women" is a natural rather than an unnatural political practice. As soon as the idea is naturalized in their minds they will accept it as inevitable and desirable. The naturalization may take a long time, but final accomplishment is merely a matter of inveterate and enterprising agitation. The argument is all over. Woman's suffrage has become as plain a condition of the creation of a liberal and socialized democracy as is male suffrage.

THE Rockefeller Foundation, to promote the welfare of mankind in the world, is endowed with securities of a book value of $100,000,000. The schedule contains seventy-one items classified as bonds and notes, and seventy-six items under the head of stocks. Oil, steel, real estate, railroad transportation, manufacturing, hotels, shipping, public utilities, municipal government—all of these and other things are represented in remarkable diversity. That was to be expected. The scientific theory of investment requires the widest possible distribution of risks. But in each field of risk there is a choice of securities, so that we might naturally suppose the best to have been selected in every case, especially in view of the continuing importance of human welfare on earth. That plan has not been followed. The risks in the field of railroad transportation are divided among forty-two corporations, which is desirable; only it is rather

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the St. Louis & San Francisco and the Père Marquette, and that four others should be in danger of having to undergo some readjustment of capitalization, namely, the Missouri Pacific, the Denver & Rio Grande, the Western Pacific and the Chicago & Alton. The aggregate book value of the securities of these eight railroads is $7,673,470. But among the stock items are greater curiosities, as, for instance, International Mercantile Marine, common and preferred, neither of which has ever received a dividend; Seaboard Air Line common, which has never paid a dividend, and International Paper, that has not paid a dividend since 1899. The aggregate of non-dividend paying items in the stock list is not large relatively. The wonder is that they happened to get in at all. All of them, one thinks, might have been sold on the Stock Exchange and the proceeds reinvested in high class dividend- and interest-bearing issues. However, that is a simple way to look at it. The trouble is that few of us can understand the problems confronting great surplus wealth. One of these is how to invest itself in a manner both safe and profitable. Another is that its paper evidences, that is to say, securities, cannot always be converted into money without disturbing the market in a way to affect the value both of good and bad issues; there is too much of it. In this one case it might have been feasible, but the $100,000,000 endowment of the Rockefeller Foundation was but a part of the Rockefeller wealth and had to be governed by the same scientific principles and limitations as applied to the whole of it. Exceptions are unscientific, irrespective of the purpose.

YET another theory of investment may account for the presence in the Rockefeller Foundation's schedule of securities of doubtful present merit. Very good securities may depreciate in value; it is a constant risk. Very poor ones may appreciate in value; that is a constant possibility. Good and bad together may be expected to work out an average, the appreciation in one kind offsetting the depreciation in the other. It will depend upon the degree of intelligence exercised in the selection. If the schedule contains good securities that are least likely to depreciate, and bad securities most likely to rise, then their aggregate value may in time greatly increase. Therefore it is possible that the welfare of mankind in the world has a stake in the bullish future of American stocks and bonds. The trustees might have first to pay an assessment on Missouri Pacific, but afterward the stock might rise to par and pay five per cent, thereby augmenting the principal and increas- married, and who was widowed again, may draw a

built upon. There was once a time when Wall Street speculators, on seeing the list of securities in the Rockefeller Foundation, would have begun straightway to buy Missouri Pacific, Paper, Mercantile Marine and Seaboard common, for a rise, thinking they had a clue to the stock market prescience of the people at Twenty-six Broadway, but, alas! the more you know the less you believe, either in magic or human infallibility. The Wall Street that once discussed in bated whispers tips of Standard Oil buying of this or that, and tried to follow them, discovered at length that it lost its money not because its information was wrong but because it was right. It bought Missouri Pacific at three or four times its present market value on rumors that the Rockefellers were buying it. The rumors were true. And now Wall Street thinks the Rockefellers, among the surplus rich, are the worst investors in the world.

BEFORE the public school superintendents meet in Cincinnati we predict three things. First: A number of speakers will indulge in eloquent eulogies of our public school systems, decrying criticism and consigning critics to the unsavory companionship of all heretics. Second: Another group will stand forth as diplomats, pointing out the good things in our schools, admitting some of the criticism, and trying to bring those at variance into amicable cooperation. Third: The critics will challenge their colleagues, in tones friendly or hostile according to individual temperaments, to face the changed industrial and social conditions that call for a restatement of educational aims. The first group will receive the most applause; the second will gain the most immediate success for its proposals; the third may become known to posterity as among the moulders of public education.

A RESOLUTION to admit to membership sons of veterans who have died was passed at the forty-seventh annual encampment of the Department of the Potomac, G.A.R. The G.A.R. is dwindling in numbers, and consequently dwindling in political importance. Its loss of political power would be very bad for those dubious patriots who have organized a nation's gratitude into a sinister lobby, who have terrorized Congressmen, who have fostered a graft masquerading in noble words. The tragic farce of pension legislation has got to the point where a woman who is not poor, whose husband was not in the least disabled by ninety days' service, who married him some time before June 27, 1890, who was left a widow, who re-

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No doubt they will act with the highest motives. But it is just this combination of high motives and nasty corruption which has made the later record of the Grand Army of the Republic so humiliating.

DR. Walter E. Weyl of our staff sailed last week for Europe. He goes to study conditions in England and Germany, and his articles will be published later in THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Blundering into Mexico

THOUGH not much is being written about intervention in Mexico, a great deal is being said about it in personal talk. The commonest state of mind seems to be that Mexico is a bore, that its condition is hopeless, and that sooner or later we shall, like a lazy giant aroused, "go down and clean things up." This task is regarded neither as interesting nor important, and the great mass of us give little thought to it, as we go on to denounce the secret diplomacy, the undemocratic foreign policy, the imperial aggressions—of Europe.

On the whole, most people in this country would rather not think about Mexico if they can help it. There are, to be sure, a few downright fools who think they would derive pleasure from staring at a map in which all of Central America was painted red, white and blue. There is, too, a noisy section of our own people which betrays its own "Kultur" by a sense of boundless superiority to the "greaser." Working through and with the flag-maniacs and the would-be bearers of a white man's burden, there are American and foreign business interests hoping to draw in this government as a protection of their investments. Another element in the situation is the Catholic Church, just now a victim in Mexico of a typical anti-clerical revolution. There are here enough passions to swamp reason—jingoism, racial contempt, profit-seeking, religious loyalty. If you want war these are impulses to tap, these are the materials out of which to brew an uncontrollable agitation.

Yet with the exception of the people along the border, there are few who really desire a conquest of Mexico. The interventionists tell us that this undoubted apathy is due to the suppression of news about Mexico, that if it weren't for the cable censorship and the extreme secrecy of Washington the lid would blow off. They tell us hair-raising tales of plunder and murder and rape, of danger to Americans, of wholesale destruction, of famine, element of organized society has dissolved, a country in which hundreds of local military chiefs acting on their own caprice are all that is left of government. Mr. Hyde's "Plain Tale From Mexico," which we publish in this issue, may be taken as a moderate statement of the opinion of Americans who have lived in Mexico. The Mexico they tell about is a place where industry has ceased, where men sow without any assurance that they will reap, where the sanctions of marriage, property, security of life, have disappeared.

It is a dismal outlook they offer us, of a people eighty-five per cent illiterate, ruled by an alien race, knowing enough to rebel but not enough to consummate a revolution, a people misled, betrayed, sold out, subject to constant meddling and intrigue from the cleverer and richer and stronger foreigners who swarm amongst them. The Mexicans seem to be impaled upon an endless series of dilemmas. They cannot have order until they have some kind of social justice, but they cannot have a redistribution of land without a powerful central government loyally supported. They cannot have any kind of representative democracy without much greater education, but no educational system will work amidst chronic revolution. They cannot restore peace on any terms without large shipments of arms and big foreign loans, and they cannot secure loans unless the stability of their government is fairly well assured.

It may be asked how all this concerns the United States. It concerns us first of all because the Wilson administration by intervening in Mexican affairs has put an enormous moral obligation upon us. Our government made it impossible for Huerta to govern, it favored the Constitutionalists enough to encourage them but not enough to make them triumph. In a thousand and one ways we have got ourselves entangled in Mexican responsibilities. Upon our recognition of any government that is set up its stability will depend. We can kill any *de facto* ruler, as we did Huerta, by financial suffocation. And if a government is established, recognized by us, and then overthrown by a just or unjust revolution, the course of events will depend very largely on the attitude of this government. The notions some people seem to have that you can draw a line around Mexico and ignore the Mexicans, "leave them to settle their own problems," is an entirely unrealistic view of international affairs. To ignore Mexico would not be to leave it alone; all Mexico would feel the effect if we tried to isolate her. It would mean economic paralysis, a starvation of government, unlimited consequences, for though the world may

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make international know-nothingism impossible.

This is our situation to-day. Most of us do not wish to go into Mexico. We regard it as a disastrous adventure, which will kill so many people and cost so much money and produce so little good that anyone who talks of it lightly is dangerous and ought not to be at large. With all that, we recognize the responsibility of this government in Mexico, and realize that unless some miracle happens, the push toward intervention will become irresistible. Now if this dilemma exhausts the ingenuity of statesmanship, we are in a bad way. It may be, though, that it does not, and it is with this hope in mind that we are writing. If some alternative course can be found, it will justify a good deal of talk and effort and ink and paper. That this country is drifting into danger will not be denied; that the future ought to be planned now is obvious. More to start the discussion than to end it, we should like to suggest a few axioms and hypotheses in a constructive Mexican policy.

Assume a real desire to avoid military conquest and to see established in Mexico a government acceptable to a large share of the articulate Mexicans, and strong enough to keep the peace. It would seem, then, that whatever may be thought of the President's policy in the past, at the moment watchful waiting is his only course. But for what is he to wait? For the appearance of some man at the head of a powerful faction who seems to give evidence of fitness to govern. If such a man emerges he will deserve a whole-hearted support from this government, a support which would enable him to secure loans, and to fight down the incipient rebellions which will undoubtedly continue to flare up all over Mexico for some years to come. This will involve stamping upon many excellent land programs and disappointing some who hope to see Mexico appear very soon as a socialized agrarian democracy. These hopes are, in our opinion, not now within human possibility. The disease of clericalism and feudal landlordism cannot be stamped out by force. Something can be done by revolution, but more can be done by economic change and the growth of industrialism. For this peace and security are essential, a return from the habit of living by war and plunder to the production of wealth. A generation of guerilla warfare will not produce a race of Mexicans fit to establish a civilization for themselves.

We take it, then, that anything we can do to support a likely government should be done. If that fails, if we try it and more fighting ensues, then we are face to face with all the interventionists prophesy.

It is toward this ultimate situation that we ourselves whether there are forms of diplomatic and economic pressure which might be applied to compel the Mexicans to police themselves. And even though active intervention should become inevitable, this country ought not to be content to assume that the only way to proceed is by an invading army. A foreign policy with any ingenuity would try every weapon before it drew the gun. It might, for example, see whether some one of the revolutionary factions could not be helped by money and ammunition while all other factions were blockaded. It might try to reach some kind of understanding with South American powers by which pressure from the United States would be converted into Pan-American pressure, and so cleansed of the taint of aggression. There are innumerable possibilities like these which we could profitably discuss now. They should be discussed without the hysteria which rushes for intervention, and without the hysteria which grows pale and dumb at the possibility of it.

We are facing to-day one of the great situations of our history, and unless we plan now to meet it intelligently and humanely, with all the foresight and ingenuity at our disposal, we may at any moment find ourselves in the midst of a panic greater than we can control.

Blinders

FOR one excited edition of the evening papers it looked as if Mother Jones and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were going to forget and forgive. Then something happened and Mother Jones reopened the feud. It was said that she had been warned by her comrades not to be overcome by any personal sympathy for the "misunderstood young man." At any rate, the threatened harmony broke down, leaving behind it a wreckage of editorials on the value of "getting together and talking things over."

There is no doubt that Mother Jones and Mr. Rockefeller were on the verge of liking each other enough to dull the edge of conflict. Two mythologies were in danger of destruction, for two human beings were looking at each other sufficiently to see that neither was the devil. Why should there then have been any interruption? Why in a world of stupid misunderstanding should any one be so perverse as to put a stumbling block in the way of an exchange of sympathies? Why shouldn't the capitalist and labor leader try to see each other as they are, consider each other's difficulties, and go away with less bitterness in their hearts?

Nothing in the psychology of labor is so hard for well meaning people to grasp as the instinct

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tle form of corruption. Yet this fear is based on hard and rough experience, on a long record of "lost leaders." There is a kind of paralysis which settles upon those whose sympathies are too wide, a tendency to pardon everything that betrays its own weakness. It seems as if a human being were like a horse in that he could not travel straight if there were no blinders to keep him from distraction. To know too much is to blunt the force of action, to become diffuse and non-committal in practical affairs. The inevitable narrowness of the great leader of men is really a focussing of his energy and attention. If he loses that focus, if he really sees the world in its perspective, he may be a finer human being and ultimately more useful to mankind, but he is corrupted for decisive action.

If business men really conceived the consequences of much that they do they would suffer under an enormous handicap in the making of money. How long could a department-store manager conduct his business in what he now regards as a practical way if the troubles of every girl he employed were as vivid to him as if she were his daughter? It would be impossible for the industrial leaders of this country to be as single-minded as they are if they weren't blind to nine-tenths of what their actions signify. How long would people relish vice crusading if they understood the suffering of their quarry? The minister who has got over his abstract notion of sin is incapable of Billy Sunday's enthusiasm. If Billy Sunday were not a profoundly ignorant, self-intoxicated man he would distribute brimstone and fire less lavishly. The suffragist, the political leader, the labor agitator, hardly dare to confess to themselves the reservations and the doubts. The dramatic critic who knows actors, authors and managers too intimately abates the force of his criticism. An editor too friendly with a politician has mortgaged his integrity. For there is a seduction in human beings which makes "principles" and "causes" seem almost trivial.

It is a very real dilemma, arising out of human limitations, that we cannot act well without wisdom, but that when in the pursuit of wisdom we cannot act at all. We seem at times like creatures who move best in twilight, and stand blinking in the sun. Because of that we may understand how difficult and how noble an ideal was Plato's vision of a time when kings should be philosophers and philosophers kings. So close a union of understanding and action is no doubt the goal of fruitful education, but it seems to be a goal as distant as our furthest hope. We live to-day by a pathetic compromise in which we specialize the thinker and the leader. Even though the thinker sometimes becomes a leader, it is almost always at the expense of his thinking. The habit which he has to reflect has generally to retire on his income. Of course we suffer for this division by a wide gap between theory and practice. The science of politics is elaborated by men who have never practiced the art of politics, and the politician who has had a chance to know rarely has the capacity to tell.

It would be possible, perhaps, to give a metaphysical explanation, to say with Bergson that our intellects are not adapted to understanding, that they inevitably falsify the world by simplifying it in order to guide our action. That may be why leaders of popular movements have to act on clean-cut formulae, on neat distortions of their opponents, why labor leaders who sit down to Civic Federation dinners become hesitant and are distrusted by their supporters. For to the men they lead the supreme thing is not a just understanding and a lot of good feeling at the top, but drastic action on very brutal abuses. Out of harmony and "getting together" they see no such drastic action arising. So it is nothing to them that Mother Jones should discover in Mr. Rockefeller a kind heart and a perplexed mind. Her discovery butters no bread, makes lovely no mining gulch. She would seem to be utterly lost to them if she didn't carry their indignation undefiled by human compromise.

For the inevitable difficulty of the employer beset by what seems wilful misunderstanding this should be said: the wooing of labor ought not to be an easy thing. After what labor has endured, something more is required for good-will than an offer to kiss and make up. The employers will have to make very tangible sacrifices and renunciations before workmen can afford to believe that the new good-will is something more than a desire to avoid inconvenience. Capital will have to meet labor more than half way before it has any right to expect an easy human friendliness in the fixing of industrial relations.

No doubt real solutions cannot be effected in an atmosphere of delusions, distrust, and narrow formulae. For the complete humanizing of industry a kind of knowledge will be required that can be had only by crossing and recrossing class lines. The men who invent actual methods of meeting problems have to soften their formulae by a constant give and take. And unless the number of these men increases, agitation and rebellion are likely to spend themselves to no purpose. Their business is the thickening of their formulae, the incessant fertilization with new insight of the sterile simplicities of practical people. But for them to suppose that their outlook on life can be that of a labor leader or of an employer, to ask that people who have to act should have the curiosity and the fairness of those who have to inquire,

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leader of men will not be as subtle or as comprehensive as some of his advisers. He will disappoint them many times. If he is a genuine leader he will absorb only about as much wisdom as he can assimilate to action.

For these difficulties there is no panacea. There is only the growth that as we become more accustomed to thinking, thought will cease to clutter our movements. Somewhat dimly our education struggles toward a time when, as Santayana says, "All reflection would be applicable in action and all action fruitful in happiness." Toward that lucky epoch we can wave a distant salutation, to that blessed time when we shall no longer be agitators, reformers, conservatives, or philosophers.

The War Zone

SINCE the beginning of the war thoughtful Americans have deplored the dangerous counsel and activity of those who would make American policy subservient either to Germany or the Allies. They have wanted American policy to be American. The incidents of the past week have presented to the government of the United States an admirable opportunity of insisting firmly and tactfully on essential American interests. The form of the German declaration of a war zone in British and French waters, and the use of the American flag by the Lusitania, both call for diplomatic representations on the part of our government. At first sight the Lusitania incident complicates a situation which is already sufficiently delicate and exacting. In point of fact it really enables the American government to draw the attention of both the English and the German governments to the necessity of avoiding action which might endanger the lives and property of American citizens. Communications addressed to London and Berlin at about the same time would enormously strengthen each other, because any danger to which the German declaration exposes American citizens is much increased by the British use of the American flag as a *ruse de guerre*.

In both cases American representations should be based not so much on legal grounds as upon the menace to the lives of Americans and other neutrals which results from the inter-action of the British and German policies. With the German declaration of a submarine war zone in British waters, in so far as it affects British commerce, the United States has nothing to do. American citizens who sail under the British flag after the German warning do so at their own risk. We may not like a method of warfare which ruthlessly endangers the lives of non-combatants, but we are of course familiar with official public indifference to such dangers. The British powers have, however, a valid ground of protest against the warning in the German note that German submarines may inadvertently mistake neutral for British vessels. The warning is either an attempt to scare American vessels away from waters in which they have a perfect right to be, or it is a threat. In either event it should not be allowed to influence the action of American vessels. They have a right to trade with Great Britain and France until Germany is able to establish an effective blockade; and the American government is justified in insisting that the possible escape of an English vessel from a German submarine is of less importance than the possible destruction by Germans of American life and property. If an American vessel, cargo and crew were destroyed by a German submarine, a large proportion of the American people would interpret it as a hostile act. Germany would lose far more as a consequence of such a performance than she would lose by ordering the submarines not to sink doubtful vessels.

Under the circumstances, however, every available precaution should be taken to establish unequivocally the nationality of American vessels. The American flag ought to be sufficient for the purpose. Manifestly the British government should not authorize or permit the captains of its merchant ships to adopt an expedient which tends to deprive American citizens of the necessary protection of their own colors. It makes no difference whether precedents can be quoted in favor of the practice, or whether existing laws do not forbid it. The circumstances are unprecedented. Existing rules are not framed to meet the extraordinary prevailing conditions. As long as the lives of American citizens are imperilled by the hoisting of an American flag on the vessel of a belligerent, the American government has a clear justification for requesting a discontinuance of such a military expedient.

Investigation by Flashlight

DURING the recent hearings before the Industrial Commission in New York, many good people were impatiently asking what it was all about. How did such a Commission ever come into existence? What license did it have to place busy men on the stand and search their minds for lost, strayed and stolen opinions? What benefit could reasonably be expected to result from so much miscellaneous inquisition?

Their bewilderment was natural because the hearings were in certain respects unprecedented.

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of the insurance investigation which resulted in effective reconstructive legislation and convinced American public opinion of the value and the need of "muck-raking." But an investigation of this kind had a specific subject matter and an immediate practical object. An X ray was turned on a particular part of the economic body, and the surgeons were better able to operate as a result of its revelations. The recent inquisition of the Industrial Commission has neither benefitted nor suffered from these restrictions. It differed from the insurance investigation very much as an Italian or French criminal trial might differ from its English analogue. It had the character, that is, of a performance, and of a performance in which the stage-management was lax, the text of the play untrustworthy, and the actors irresponsible. Many vague questions were asked about every phase of contemporary American economy. These questions showed no evidence of penetrating power, consecutive purpose, and the patient determination to make the best of a witness and to elicit his fund of useful information and experience. An inquisition in which so many inquiries were considered relevant assumed as a whole a character of irrelevance. Yet its irrelevance did not prevent it from being startlingly interesting. The hearings were comparable, not to the playing of a cool searchlight upon particular parts of an obscure landscape, but rather to a flashlight which explodes with a noise, which leaves a cloud of smoke behind it, and which would be useful rather to a social photographer than to an economic statesman.

Sharp criticism has been passed on the Commission because it allowed the hearings to assume a vague and sensational appearance. When the Commission was originally proposed, many economists doubted its advisability because they considered the problem of labor grievances and industrial readjustment too difficult, too complicated, and too controversial to form a useful subject matter for a government investigation. The Commission has not taken any account of this criticism. Instead of sharply limiting and defining the scope of their work and inquiry, they have stretched it to include every phase and every problem of American industrial life. In this respect the conduct of the recent hearings was typical. A special investigation into philanthropic foundations has been made the excuse for asking scores of people all kinds of questions about all sorts of things. The commission has had an unmanageable job, and up to date it has done nothing to make its task more manageable. Its experts have, no doubt, been conducting a series of very valuable special surveys. timony one itched for the presence of a Hughes among the interrogators, for the assistance of a man who was capable of putting more answerable questions and of following up questionable answers. Public opinion was in a sensitive condition, and might have paid just as much attention to the results of a less startling and more searching method of inquiry.

In spite, however, of the force of these criticisms, the hearings in New York have been justified by the results. Investigation by flashlight had in this instance certain advantages over an investigation by searchlight. Precisely because the former is a discursive public performance and reveals less about its specific subject matter, it reveals more about the performers and their surroundings. In a democracy the public investigation of an important social problem cannot be conducted in a wholly scientific and dispassionate spirit. The Commission was really investigating not merely the cause and cure of industrial unrest, but the American democracy itself. Such an inquiry can and should be used as a means of dramatizing the problem and of arousing the people to a livelier consciousness of their own attitude to it. The public state of mind about industrial unrest is the most important aspect of the unrest. The peculiar value of the hearings was that they explored in public this public state of mind. They revealed for a moment the anarchy of opinion, the crusted layers of class tradition and prejudice, the defects of sympathy and experience and the dangerously antagonistic groups of social values, which form the spiritual aspect of our social and economic ineptitude. Unless we are very much mistaken, the Commission's flashlight photograph of a state of mind just because it was at once confused, vivid and ghastly, will constitute a memorable addition to the album of American social opinion.

The Sum of All Villainies

"......We understand that planned-for, legalized, wholesale, human slaughter is to-day the sum of all villainies. As women, we feel a peculiar moral passion of revolt against both the cruelty and the waste of war"....
—From the Declaration of the Woman's Peace Party.

As the occupation of a continent, war may well be described as murderous, damned nonsense. It is, as the Woman's Peace Party has declared, the sum of all villainies. The phrase is an accurate one, more accurate perhaps than it sounds, because war is not an isolated outbreak of crime and madness, but the consummation of stupidities, the final summing up and payment for the villainies of peace. To-day in Europe men are

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clared that war was merely an extension of politics, and though he meant the saying as a justification of war, sensitive and civilized people will take it as an indictment of politics. They will say that statecraft is condemned on its own showing if it claims to be built on dilemmas so vital that only war can cut them.

Yet the fact is there to confound us that we do live under a world system which works so badly and gets itself so tangled up in conflicting ambitions, in old hates and new panics, that reason and goodwill are incapable of finding a remedy. In this sense alone is it possible to talk about a just war. It is true, for example, that the Civil War was better than a continuation of the "irrepressible conflict," better in the long run for the peace of this continent than disunion, a perpetuation of slavery, and the creation of an international frontier at the Mason and Dixon line. The Civil War was preferable to that alternative. But if the wise and far-seeing had prevailed, if the conflict could have been settled peacefully and gradually and with goodwill, we might perhaps have avoided a train of consequences the effects of which we still feel—the solid, the exhausted and the prostrate South, the political rancor and the bad memories behind which reaction hides. War is almost never the solution of a problem in any satisfactory sense, but it is often the only possible result of a dilemma which has become acute.

That is why the campaign for peace must center upon these "irrepressible conflicts" of which war is merely the extension. That is why the goal where the energies of pacifists must really be directed is the finding of compromises and solutions for conflicts which the indolence of mankind regards as irrepressible. For, once the conflict has become too passionate, each side creates for itself justifications, issues White Books, fights the war against war, fights for humanity, fights in defense of all that makes life worth living. Against such feelings women are not immune, and the sense of themselves as mothers of the race, the suffering which they endure, the waste for which they pay, all these emotions are stifled into silence when the common madness comes. The American women who have formed the Woman's Peace Party are sane in their insistence upon human values, but their sanity is the sanity of isolation, and their horror of war is that of the spectator. They will never know the reality of their own sentiment until they have tested it in the face of a personal crisis, until, like the women of Europe, they have lived in the tensions that may ultimately lead to war.

They have in this country an excellent chance to make a trial. Women vote in California, and nese question in California, it will be the greatest lesson its members could offer the world. It will give them a hold on the imagination, a standing before the nations, and an authority which no amount of speech-making and pamphleteering can ever give them. The opportunity is ideal: a great, rich state, a leader in political experiments; a state where women vote, where policy is under democratic control; and a problem difficult enough but not insuperable, not incapable of sensible and honorable adjustment. What better work could the Woman's Peace Party undertake than to cut its wisdom teeth on a thoroughly domestic issue? Surely, women cannot hope to intervene in Europe until they have shown what they can do in a country where women are powerful. These suggestions are not offered in a cynical spirit. They are offered because the great danger of all pacifist thinking is that it tends to oppose war in general, and to ignore war in the concrete.

But when all the criticisms have been made, and surely they must be made incessantly if wisdom is to emerge from goodwill, an organization like the Woman's Peace Party can perform a great service. Behind all the conflicts of nations, the armies, the quarreling, the oppression and the stupidity, is a false notion of the value of human life. All our political thinking goes wrong because we cannot remember that states exist for men, that politics exist for human happiness. War is only the last and most dramatic result of this blindness; it is the last issue of a statecraft not made human, and of political systems that follow false gods. Every agitation against this topsy-turveydom of political thinking is a useful service. For only by constant reassertion of the human ideal can crooked thinking be made straight, a cleansing and healing sanity brought to the flushed and tired nations.

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A Plain Tale from Mexico

MEXICO to-day lies waste, from the Rio Grande in the north to the Guatemalan border in the south. Thousands of miles of railway have been destroyed, bridges and station-houses have been burned at every step. The fields lie fallow or are only partially cultivated, while many acres of orchards have been burned clean. The government of the country has disappeared, and in its place has come chaos and anarchy. Little or no effort is being made to carry on the functions ordinarily incumbent on those in authority. The people have become demoralized, and what little unity existed among them is rapidly disappearing.

Out of this confusion, it will be some one's task to reconstruct a nation. This may be done along the old lines; but whatever government shall come in Mexico cannot be a continuation of that which has gone, and the work of reconstruction will be carried out under difficulties such as few countries have encountered, even in their incipiency.

The Mexican people, from the earliest times, have been made up of a conglomeration of Indian tribes, held together merely by bonds of expediency growing out of conditions of the moment. With the Spanish conquest there came a certain foreign element, principally Spanish, out of which has grown a third class, comprising the mixed breed. The revolutionary activity of the last four years has been very much along the lines of the old tribal divisions among the Indians. While the fighting has been led, for the most part, by Mexicans of mixed blood, the vast majority of the fighting men are Indians who have been dragged into the conflict by the fanning to life of old fires of hatred, and by unscrupulous promises impossible of realization.

Geographically Mexico is such that there must be a considerable difference between the inhabitants of the various parts. Many states are isolated from the remainder, and consequently have problems which are peculiarly their own. It is only natural, therefore, that the inhabitants of these states should consider their own troubles first, and hold even those of the country as a whole as matters of secondary interest.

For many years the republic has depended upon capital from abroad to maintain her balance of trade. From her internal resources she has gleaned barely enough for self-support, since form of dividends or interest. Mexico has lived on her credit, and that credit is gone until a permanent and stable government is re-established.

It is impossible at present to make even a rough estimate of the material damage which has been done by the revolution. In the state of Tabasco hardly a ranch house is standing, and many plantations have been burned to the ground. A great deal of this property belonged to foreigners. In Morelos, the richest sugar state in Mexico, the cane-fields have been burned over several times, and refineries worth millions of dollars have been destroyed. Along the Isthmus of Tehuantepec the losses to the Belgian rubber interests and to British mahogany companies have been very heavy, although the greater part of the loss has been due to the paralyzation of work rather than to the destruction of property. The great herds of cattle in Chihuahua and Senora have been driven across the border into the United States and sold for what they would bring. Foreign nations doubtless will demand the appointment of an international Court of Claims to pass on these damages at the conclusion of the war. Beyond question, their sum total will be many millions of dollars, and until settlement for them is made, Mexico can have no credit abroad.

Destruction of property on a small scale has been even more general. The revolutionary bands which infest the republic have been living off the land, and have not scorned to appropriate even the cheapest personal belongings of the inhabitants of towns which they have captured. A silk scarf might recompense the common soldier for weeks of hardship, while his leader was satisfied with a ring worth perhaps more than money to some unfortunate woman. The revolutionists have not scrupled to hold for ransom prominent citizens who fell into their hands. As one faction after another has swept over the country, it has not been the man like Terrazas, held for half a million dollars, but the small business man, forced to pay a thousand, who has suffered most. As a result of this, the savings of a quarter of a century have gone to fill the purses of men who are destroying rather than building up, and who promise in return vague reforms at some distant date.

No effort has been made by the revolutionists to maintain a government, except in its broader functions. The executive power has been relegated to the leader who was supreme at the moment, or to

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country hold their office arbitrarily through force of arms. The legality of the actions of such authorities may naturally be questioned. In fact, it is doubtful whether a truly legal marriage can be performed in Mexico to-day. There are, of course, officials willing to issue marriage certificates on receipt of the proper fee, but these officials have been appointed by some rebel leader and are likely to be removed by the next arrival. Their work may be repudiated with equal ease. What is true of marriage licenses is true of other documents, and much trouble may be expected from failures to register births and deaths.

The courts for many years have been used by those in power as a means of defrauding the unwary. The Indian has known no justice, and it is but natural that when he comes to power he should administer it poorly. In several instances, justice has been administered literally by *vox populi*. The rabble has been admitted to the court, testimony pro and con has been heard, and then the officer presiding has called upon the mob to express its pleasure. Many such decisions have been fatally unjust, although others have been merely ludicrous.

Much has been said, both in this country and in Mexico, as to the causes of the present unrest. The lack of a uniform Mexican race has been one responsible cause. Again, the needed social reforms have offered occasion for ambitious or patriotic leaders to seek to arouse sentiment against those in power. Certainly the personal ambition of the various leaders who have come to the front has had much to do with the continuance of disturbances. It may be noted that each leader has promised to correct these evils, but that no one up to the present has done so.

Again, a large percentage of the population of Mexico is illiterate in the broadest sense of the word. Porfirio Diaz made an effort to teach the people, and the only criticism which has been brought against him regarding this is that he did not teach them more. In point of fact, he educated them to the point where they thought they knew more about governing the country than he did, and threw him out. The number of schools began to decrease immediately after his departure, until to-day schools are practically non-existent.

Foreign capitalists who had invested money in Mexico have been accused of assisting the revolutionists for ulterior motives. The statement has been made on the floor of the Mexican Congress that the internal disorder was nothing more than a fight between Henry Clay Pierce and Lord Cowdray over the Mexican oil fields. The names of Hearst, John Hays Hammond and the Guggenheims have also been [illegible] there is no question that foreign companies in Mexico have contributed, willingly or otherwise, to the funds of the various factions. In all probability the contributions have been fairly well divided between the "ins" and the "outs." In many instances, at least, these contributions have been in the nature of insurance, if not blackmail. A match properly applied to an oil well may mean a loss of many thousands of dollars, and, lacking adequate military protection, it appears to be merely a matter of business for a company to protect itself against such a possibility by paying a tribute to the rebel leaders operating in the vicinity.

The Roman Catholic Church also has been accused of fomenting civil war. During the last few years the church has suffered severely at the hands of revolutionists. It is also true, however, that the church in many instances had been guilty of violations of the Mexican Reform Laws. While nothing can condone the treatment of nuns in Mexico, it should be stated that religious communities are prohibited by statute, and that two nuns constitute such a community. Much talk has resulted from reported confiscation of church property, whereas the church has owned no property in Mexico for more than a quarter of a century, and is expressly prohibited by law from doing so.

There seems little reason to believe that any of the leaders now enjoying the spot-light may be able to re-establish order by force of arms. Even the more prominent leaders know that the loyalty of their lieutenants depends upon the conveniences of the moment. Even were order restored by a dictator, it is probable that in time the country would again be thrown into revolution. Four years of fratricidal strife have demoralized the sixteen million people who make up the Mexican nation. While at the beginning of the war the Yaqui and Mayo Indians of the north were bound by no ties of friendship to the Juchitecos of the south, to-day they are sworn enemies, and it will take years to close the chasms which have been created between them. What is true of these tribes is true of practically all those in the country. In addition to this, several thousand men distributed over the entire country have been living without working, and it is quite probable that they will be unwilling to go back to their tasks again.

Such is the present situation. Out of this chaos some internal faction or some outside power, friendly or otherwise, must bring forth a government capable of maintaining order within the boundaries of Mexico, and capable not only of discharging its obligations toward the other nations, but of taking upon itself the burden growing

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Mrs. Wharton's World

THE exclusive aim of literary criticism can hardly be that of drawing the mental and spiritual portrait of a creative personality, as Mr. Brownell, reaffirming the faith derived from his master Sainte-Beuve, has recently asserted. That may be a fruitful enough ideal for the professional critic reading anew the ancient monuments; but for the less exacting task of reckoning the claims of contemporary creators to our attention, there are simpler methods than an elaborate portraiture of what may very possibly prove to be lacking in salient or permanent traits. At least before undertaking any such task, criticism might well attempt to answer the question that every thoughtful contemporary must put to an imaginative effort, especially to the novel which deals with the known appearances of life: what has this hand made of my world? For it is here that the novelist touches us all most closely.

What has Mrs. Wharton done for our world—for the American scene, to use Mr. Henry James's somewhat precious phrase? The experts have told us again and again that Mrs. Wharton's touch is the deftest, the surest, of all our American manipulators in the novel form. Quite recently Mr. James has reiterated in his reverberating periods his authoritative praise of Mrs. Wharton's accomplishment. Hers is the only American name he has found occasion to mention in his latest appraisal of contemporary English fiction. The ground for according such distinction to Mrs. Wharton is plain to one acquainted with the craftsman's side of the novelist's business. Mrs. Wharton writes well—perhaps too consciously well. Technically she has formed her method on the approved tradition of French fiction, the tradition of refinements and exclusions, of subtleties and intentions, the tradition of Flaubert and Turgeneff, on which Mr. James admiringly formed himself a generation ago, rather than on the richer if less aesthetically satisfying tradition of English and Russian fiction, of Fielding and Thackeray, of Tolstoy and Dostoëvsky. In this approved school triumphs are more easily won, at least more enthusiastically recognized by the expert who has served his term there, than in the other looser tradition.

Technical proficiency of any sort, according to any intelligent ideal, is commendable surely, but only in measure as it achieves the purpose of all technique, which is effective creation. No true artist can be content with a triumph of manner alone. If Mrs. Wharton were forced to remain on a solitary pedestal of technical proficiency, hers coveries, the lamentable Lily Bart, contains less of dwelling too insistently on her excellent manner would do her a dubious service, all the more as their praises seem to deny the validity of other and robuster ideals for the novel. It may well be, indeed, that the French tradition with all its reservations is already doomed in favor of that freer, more epic treatment of life so much deprecated by Mr. James in his comments on Tolstoy.

However all this may be judged by the few who are absorbed in the how rather than the what of the finished product, it is futile to deny that the what is always of first importance to that large mute audience of the uninitiated to which every creator must appeal in the last resort. And respecting Mrs. Wharton's content, it has been her misfortune that her publishers should have advertised so persistently and complacently her peculiar advantage in possessing an accurate knowledge of her material, for observing, that is, that small portion of American humanity intensively occupied with purely social ambitions. Mrs. Wharton, we have been told, has actually been part of what she presents as fiction, the inference being that the fiction must inevitably be the better for this fact. It is a naïve conviction that intimate experience is a condition of imaginative realization. The truth seems to be that the least influential factor is the observed fact, while the personality through which the fact must pass with its fundamental knowledge and power of realization is the controlling one. It scarcely needs the illustrious example of a Balzac, who constructed solidly an entire social system out of the meagerest of observed data, to suggest that Mrs. Wharton may actually have been hampered in her imaginative representations by a too exclusive and intimate acquaintance with her material. Certainly she has not done least—been least convincing—in those occasional excursions into the less familiar reaches of her field such as "Ethan Frome."

Possibly it was an instinctive realization of this commonplace that led Mrs. Wharton in the three American novels of which I am especially thinking to choose that portion of the abundant material at her command which presumably appealed least to her own heart and soul—the shoddy part. For it is the shoddier part of rich and fashionable New York, indubitably authentic as "society" though it be, that preponderatingly occupies the scene in "The House of Mirth" and "The Custom of the Country"—the part Mrs. Wharton has least zealously embraced, however carefully she may have studied its manifestations. "The House of Mirth," offering that most significant of Mrs. Wharton's dis-

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Indeed, so far to the extravagant verge of the social world has Mrs. Wharton moved in this latter novel that it remains fantastically unreal, with the generic unreality of the parable, betrayed even by the stage names of the heroine and of her origin, "Apex City." Apex City! As expert a realist as Mrs. Wharton must have been aware to what unreality of the typical she was surrendering herself with those satiric names. One feels that extremely little of this variegated chronique of marriage and divorce, of "Wall street deals" and vulgarian millionaires, ever really entered into Mrs. Wharton's delicate perceptions. They emerge from beneath her trained hand almost as raw as from the reportorial insignificance of the newspaper to which she so often refers the reader for corroboration. The singular characteristic of imaginative presentations is that they provide their own test of their validity, whether or not the reader has happened to have similar experiences. Crusoe's island was never doubted by boy or man. But one doubts Undine Spragg, Apex City, Elmer Moffatt and their world, although the newspapers authenticate them daily with precise detail. That something human, essential for conviction, which the newspaper paragraph must perforce omit, the novelist should provide—at any rate a novelist such as Mrs. Wharton. Otherwise why piece together the shoddy chronicle of Undine Spragg's career?

In "The Fruit of the Tree" Mrs. Wharton has largely ignored the loud, the shoddy, the superfashionable. Yet the world here displayed is scarcely more of her own hearth, I suspect, than that of the two others mentioned. The reforming, sociological hero is an emanation of the serious world that customarily revolves somewhere within hail of the more hectic orbit of "society." But Amherst and his philanthropic yearnings over the Westmore mills has the fatal stamp of amateurishness—the unrealized—almost as plainly as the preposterous Spragg family. With all his earnest intention Amherst merely scratches the surface of the immense field of American social endeavor. His creator still thinks of these matters in the terms of "doing good" and "social settlements." Fortunately "The Fruit of the Tree" holds much else that is better realized if not better worth realizing than social service; it contains the soft, shallow Bessie, the best done of Mrs. Wharton's many rich women, as well as Justine, the most daring of her young women. And the conflict between the rich wife and the idealistic husband, the reactions of Amherst and his venturous second wife, are all much more in Mrs. Wharton's real province—the analytic and psychological province where the subtleties of the subtly minded are neatly

What has Mrs. Wharton done toward painting in our national canvas? Granting the utility and significance of all elements in the scene, granting at least for "The House of Mirth" and "The Fruit of the Tree," the authenticity of portrayal, nevertheless, beyond the single figure of Lily Bart, which is doubtless the most authoritative version ever rendered of the shallowly rooted and socially obsessed American girl, there is little of importance that remains. For one reason, Mrs. Wharton's stories are almost manless in any real conception of the sex, and in spite of the dominance of American women in our social world we have not yet reached the point where men are utterly negligible, where Selden or Marvell, Rosedale or Gus Trenor will answer for men. As for the woman side of the picture, Mrs. Wharton's chosen contribution has been quite exclusively in the realm of social passion, which she has correctly portrayed as the pathological absorption of American women. Even her skill and her special knowledge have not saved her from exaggerations, unrealities, and repetitions. The prevailing tone, the final taste of this American society is that of a marvelous thinness—tinniness, rather. Are we as a people when we evolve into "society," are our women, even, as mentally and spiritually anemic as Mrs. Wharton's world betrays them? Without too easy a patriotism it may be doubted whether this clever observer has "been fair" even to our "most fashionable circles." Certainly she has not cared to tone her pictures by vigorous contrasts or shaded examples. Instances of these she has offered, but with little enthusiasm; they are pallid ghosts, her "nice" people, who by right of soul as well as of blood belong to the world she has chosen to exploit. Why has Mrs. Wharton never cared to do more for them, for the Seldens, the Marvells?

The explanation may lie in the truth of which I have already hinted, that Mrs. Wharton is not primarily a social historian, that she does not use the novel for this epic purpose, although these longer American stories suggest quite naturally such a presumption. "Ethan Frome" betrays the secret of her true power. This shortened novel, this monochrome prose tragedy so exquisitely dealt with, reveals the spiritual interest with which Mrs. Wharton is innately sympathetic—this and the suppressed drama of Bessie and Amherst, the expressed drama of Amherst and Justine. These spiritual conflicts involve no necessity of picturing a civilization; they are universal. Just because, perhaps, they are not conditioned by special environment or caste, because they lie outside the hard actualities of her personal contacts, their crea-

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leased, to work more freely and convincingly in them. Ethan Frome conceivably sprang from no more intimate experience than Undine Spragg and her crew, yet his subdued and twilight tragedy of relaxed will spoke to his creator with all the fidelity of high art. This is the field of creative interest to which Mrs. Wharton has repaired more frequently in her short stories than in her novels. Her talent, a defining, analyzing, and subtlizing talent, has found little that was really congenial or suggestive in the common run of our coarsely accented national life. She has rarely caught its more significant notes or tried to peer beneath its obvious superficialities, nor has she been warmly charmed by its kaleidoscopic glitter. The larger canvas, therefore, I infer, is not her natural opportunity, competent artist that she is.

ROBERT HERRICK.

An American Merchant Marine

THE most remarkable change since the time of the Napoleonic wars has come suddenly in the American shipbuilding industry. The last day of December, 1914, closed one of the poorest years the American shipyards have had in a decade. To-day every shipbuilding concern, from Bath in Maine down to Newport News in Virginia, is working to its fullest capacity. One of the largest companies has orders sufficient to keep six thousand men employed full time for from two to three years. Contracts have been closed for forty-eight ocean vessels and negotiations are pending for sixty more. Prices have been advanced fifteen per cent, although that fact is not significant. A British company has placed an order for the building of two ships in an American yard, a thing never heard of before, and is likely to order two more. Apparently the American merchant marine has entered upon another period of expansion. The ships ordered and those for which marine architects are now drawing plans embrace not only passenger vessels for the coastwise trade, but freighters for the Pacific and South American service, big cargo carriers for the transatlantic business, and oil tankers to go anywhere and everywhere.

There are six great shipyards on our Atlantic coast and three of lesser size. The six great ones are the Cramp yards at Philadelphia, the Newport News Shipbuilding plant at Newport News, Virginia, the Sparrow Point establishment of the Maryland Steel Company at Sparrow Point, Maryland, the Harlan and Hollingsworth yards at Wilmington, Delaware, the New York Shipbuilding Company's works at Camden, New Jersey, and those of the Fore River Company at Quincy, Massachusetts, owned by the Bethlehem Steel Company. The three minor ones are the Bath Iron Works at Bath, Maine, the Staten Island Shipbuilding Company at Port Richmond, Staten Island, and the Skinner Shipbuilding Com-

cific, the great lakes, and Pittsburg, none has yet experienced the revival, but it is expected all will feel it soon; for if there is a great impetus to ocean commerce there is certain to be a reflex in lake, river, and canal trade. On the Pacific the Union Iron Works owned by the Bethlehem Steel Company has a large shipbuilding plant at San Francisco, the Seattle Construction Company's establishment at Seattle is of moderate capacity, and that of the Craig Shipbuilding Company at Long Beach, California, is comparatively small. On the great lakes the seven plants of the American Shipbuilding Company are of monster size, so large that they held the world's record for a time in the matter of output. At Pittsburgh the James Rees' Sons' establishment is the largest in the world devoted to the construction of river craft.

It costs more to build a ship in an American yard than in a foreign country. This has been heretofore the great handicap to American shipbuilding. Aside from the fact that American skilled labor is paid higher wages than skilled labor of Europe, it costs more to operate a vessel under the American flag, as our shipping laws demand more crew, better food for American seamen, and more safeguards than do those of any country. Labor is the principal item of cost in shipbuilding.

British shipbuilders have obtained a commanding lead in their business by standardizing, certain concerns specializing on the construction of particular types of vessels. In American shipyards the work has been so mixed and so varied that from the building of a battleship or a steamer, workmen might have to turn next to the manufacture of a tugboat. There could be no pronounced economy under such conditions.

A big shipyard, working to capacity, employs about seven thousand men. Heretofore these American yards have depended largely upon repair work and government orders. But the contracts made in January show that this is no longer to be the case. Among these contracts were the fol-

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with the Maryland Steel Company for three freighters of about eight thousand tons; W. R. Grace and Co. with the firm of William Cramp and Sons for three steamships to ply between New York and the west coast of South America; the Porto Rico Steamship Company with the Newport News Shipbuilding Company for one steamship for passengers and freight; a Boston company with the New York Shipbuilding Company for two ships of ninety-five hundred tons for the transatlantic trade.

So the list goes. Every few days it has an addition or additions. What is the explanation of the amazing rush of orders? The answer is that our position has become strategically the same that it was during the Napoleonic wars. Then as now the effect of the European wars was to create a demand in Europe for our food products and to put into our hands the carrying trade, with this difference; that whereas England, having destroyed the French sea power at Trafalgar, could blockade the French ports, her own commerce is now endangered by the German submarine attacks. During the war, therefore, as Germany develops her attack upon British merchant vessels, and freight rates rise, the burden of shipping will fall more and more upon us.

Furthermore, shipping men see that the war is going to work a revolution in conditions abroad. When hostilities end there is going to be so great a scarcity of labor both skilled and unskilled, owing to the large number of men killed and maimed, that wages abroad will go to a high level. Taxation, too, will be so much increased to pay the costs of war that heavy imposts will be put on every branch of industry. These two items will come close to meeting the difference that weighed heretofore against the American-built ship. In addition there are other facts to be considered. After every war there has been a period of remarkable activity in commerce. There is no reason to believe it will not follow this one. Indeed there never was a war in which shipping suffered more than in the present one. A great number of vessels have already been sent to the bottom. Almost as important is the fact that by reason of high freights and urgency of demand hundreds of ships in need of repair have been kept in service. So long as they hold together they will be employed. When finally they go to the yards they will require complete overhauling.

The life of a ship is limited. Commerce is constantly expanding. The German shipyards are idle, so are the shipyards of France. England, with her best efforts, is not turning out as many vessels as in normal times. The work of destruction decreasing. In view of all this and with the opening of the Panama Canal and the development of trade to both coasts of South America and to the Orient, the American ship owner sees an opportunity never before presented.

It is difficult to gauge the importance of this movement. It has been so unexpected and so sudden that it has taken the shipbuilders by surprise. It may mean the dawn of an era in the American merchant marine that will rival the period when American ships were in all the seven seas, or it may fade when the effects of the war wear away. One thing, however, is certain. American shipbuilders have in store for them some years of unexampled prosperity, and America will soon have a merchant marine greater than at any time since the Civil War.

RICHARD SPILLANE.

The Jitney

"JITNEY" entered the United States as boys' slang, meaning a nickel. This is not what it means now in the Southwest and the West. In Los Angeles, Denver, Tacoma, Seattle, Kansas City, Dallas, Houston and a lot of other places, jitney means an automobile in which you can get a five-cent ride.

Nobody seems to know where the first jitney was born. The experience of Kansas City shows how fast the jitney family is multiplying. On January sixteenth, which was Saturday, Gerald Parker, assistant manager of the bond department of the Commerce Trust Company of Kansas City, got home from a business trip. He had been to Galveston, Fort Worth, Houston and Dallas. He had seen these cities alive with jitneys that were competing with the trolley companies. He told what he saw to a reporter for the *Star,* told how you got in at the curb, how you disembarked without the danger of crossing a street, how traffic managers made up schedules and assigned cars to the various routes. The jitneys ranged from small Fords to good-sized busses. And the price of a ride was everywhere five cents.

The day after the appearance of the *Star's* interview with Mr. Parker there were three jitneys ready for business on Kansas City streets. The chauffeurs improvised signs and routes and timetables. These three jitneys did a lot of business. On the following day four more made their appearance, and on the third day there were seventeen in all. On January twenty-fifth, a week after the first jitney day, Kansas City had a hundred jitneys, and a traffic manager who used to be traf-

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Somebody has estimated the number of jitneys in use west of the Mississippi on January thirtieth as twenty-five hundred. Enthusiasts claim many advantages for the jitney. Its inside does not smell like the inside of a trolley car, it goes faster, can often dodge the congested streets, harbors no strap-hangers, isn't so noisy, takes you nearer home. The jitney cannot be monopolized. Competition makes and keeps jitney service efficient. The nickels stay at home and are widely distributed instead of going into the pockets of non-resident investors.

From Tacoma comes the news that in the far Northwestern cities the trolley lines have failed to make expenses since the jitney established itself in that part of the world. In Des Moines, where the city and the trolley company have been fighting over a franchise, people are threatening to make the company vacate the streets and to depend altogether on jitneys.

Hungary and Independence

WITHIN a week of the outbreak of the European war, Sir Edward Grey warned the Austrian Ambassador that it would bring with it a repetition of 1848, and "many things would be swept away." We have all been watching the flood since that day, and among the things which some of us expected to see borne down it was the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. We are not yet in the atmosphere of 1848, and there are neither crowns nor sceptres in the débris of the tide. It carries only the multitudinous corpses of the slain. Save for the trivial Boer revolt, the catastrophe has brought in its wake neither rebellion nor civil war. Three of the empires in the field are artificial structures, pinned together with bayonets; but Russia, Austria and Turkey seem from a distance to stand as solidly in the battle-line as the national states of the West. The Jews of Russia are fighting gallantly against the Italians of Austria, and so little have the ties of blood interfered with discipline that Vienna actually dared to embody its own subject Servian conscripts in the armies which marched on Belgrade. Some confusion there may have been in these polyglot Austrian armies, some lack of the fierce enthusiasm which wins victory, a temper which caused half-hearted regiments to prefer surrender to the last stubborn phases of a hand-fought battle, but there has been as yet neither mutiny nor wholesale defection. The great discovery of modern militarism has been that a uniform will serve as well as an idea to give cohesion to an army.

At last, if we may trust the fragmentary and doubtful news which escapes the censor's sieve, there is a break in the united battle-front. It is no one of the discontented subject races which has asserted itself, but the dominant ruling caste of Hungary. Some of the facts are beyond dispute. We know that the Premier, Count Tisza, has visited the German headquarters. It is probable enough that he went to voice the discontent of Hungary. Behind that system there has stood defending Silesia, and that her own good regiments were busy round Cracow while the Cossacks crossed the Carpathians unopposed. The change in the Austro-German plan of campaign seemed to reflect this visit, and the Count's published denials of discontent and his defence of German policy were the best proof that he was opposing a formidable current of opinion. It is certain that the disaster to Austrian arms in Servia must have accentuated this unrest. Precisely because the Magyars are of all the ruling races of Europe the most arrogant, they must have felt a defeat at Servian hands as a humiliation harder to endure than any disaster itself. We know, too, that a document has been circulated, bearing the names of some of Hungary's proudest hereditary magnates, which threatened the Dual Monarchy with a declaration of independence and the conclusion of a separate peace. It is no abstract pacificism which has brought them to this pass. Hungary was seized last July with a passionate resolve to chastise Servia, and her Premier was among the three or four men in Europe who have the heaviest responsibility for this war. Her present temper is a reaction imposed upon her by facts and fears.

A sentiment of independence has always existed among the Magyars, but apart from the difficulty of realizing it, there were calculations which restrained it. An independent Hungary would find itself confronted by difficulties which it could surmount only by the abandonment of the pretensions of the Magyar race to rule, and by compromise with its neighbors which would leave it only the name of independence. The population of Hungary is composed only to the extent of a bare half of Magyars. It has been possible to exclude the remaining half of the population, Rumanians, Slovaks and Serbs, from any real share of political power only by a complicated system of repression and trickery. Behind that system there has stood

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races of Hungary to the Magyars, in return for the loyalty of the ruling and military caste. What the Magyars can do with Austria behind them, it is unlikely that they could achieve if they stood alone. If Hungary stood alone with neither Austria nor Germany behind her, she could oppress her Rumanians and her Serbs only at the risk of provoking an attack, possibly a combined attack by Rumania and Servia. Independence would mean, in effect, the surrender by the Magyars of what they most prize—their unchallenged dominance at home, their power to impose a Magyar impress on the civilization of their own country, their attitude of imperial arrogance towards their Balkan neighbors. Nor would the difficulties of an independent Hungary end here. It is a continental state, which has hitherto maintained its contact with the outer world only through the port of Fiume, which belongs to Croatia. If Croatia joins Servia, Hungary would become a landlocked kingdom, without port or seaboard, fatally dependent on the good-will of her neighbors for the conduct of her economic life. She would be, in short, what Servia is to-day, and she would be reduced to dependence on some precarious device of a free port on alien territory.

From these embarrassments, military, political and economic, there would be in the long run only one sure way of escape. An independent Hungary would be driven against her will into a Balkan confederation. She would become the military ally of her Serb and Rumanian neighbors, and the interest of a customs union would bind her to them by ties more imperious than sentiment. It would be an admirable, and in some respects a national, solution of the Eastern question. A Balkan Confederation which included Hungary would have become in the military sense a Great Power. It could stand four-square against the neighboring empires, and realize at last the ideal of the "Balkans for the Balkan peoples." Hungary would be within it what Prussia is to Germany. The dream is not a mean one; but one may question whether it answers to anything in the Magyar soul. It is part of the pride of this Asiatic race, the latest comer to European soil, that it belongs to the West. The typical Magyar thinks of the Balkan races as Europe thinks of Africa. If he has really made up his mind to independence, it is either because he despairs of any more congenial destiny, or because he has not yet thought out all the consequences.

There is another possible explanation of this curious "independence" movement in Hungary. It may be a gigantic game of bluff. It is rather singular that it has not been more drastically repressed, and there is something a little suspicious in the way imposing its demands on the German headquarters, and also in Vienna. It has already influenced German strategy; it may conceivably explain the efforts which Austria is supposed to have made to obtain a separate peace for the whole Dual Monarchy. If the Magyars, impressed by the local dangers which threaten them from north and south alike, are beginning to despair of a triumph for the Austro-German cause, it is by some such expedient as a threat to declare their independence that they would infallibly begin to work on the fears of Vienna and Berlin. The risk of a Rumanian intervention in the war must weigh with them. While Rumania still delays, they might by a patched-up peace secure at least the integrity of their territory. The Transylvanian question is not a simple issue of nationalism. The population of that province is indeed mainly Rumanian, but the landed class is of the proudest Magyar stock, and in the center of Transylvania there is a compact and numerous Magyar colony. To abandon these people of their own blood would be harder for the Magyar patriot than it is for the sentimental English Unionist to "desert" Ulster. To avert that danger, any surrender, any change would be preferable. On the eve of a Rumanian intervention, Hungary will be ready for any sacrifice to secure an instant peace. From the moment that this intervention takes place, if it is destined to take place, she will fight with her back to the wall, the most resolute and desperate item in the Germanic coalition. One may doubt whether she really desires independence, but it is probable that she desires peace with an awakened and apprehensive sincerity.

The omens do not point as yet to the general cataclysm which Sir Edward Grey foresaw. There is a limit to human energies, and men depressed by discipline and defeat, by peril and privation, do not turn readily to the work of revolution. A slow war which leaves the victors exhausted, even if it ends in a more decisive triumph than to-day seems thinkable, will find even the Allied statesmen in a comparatively conservative mood. Kingdoms and empires are not made and broken up in real life with the facility of a program by Mr. Wells. The chances are that the flood will leave Austro-Hungary standing. It may suffer considerable amputations. It may lose, by the illogical fate of war, its contented Poles and Ruthenians, no less than its restless Italians, Serbs and Rumanians. It may emerge a second-rate Power, destined for its great good to devote itself henceforward to the task of internal reorganization. But the economic and political reasons which forbid any real independence to Hungary—or to Bohemia—will make for its conservation. It inspires no love, but it arouses

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A Future for the Democratic Party

WHEN an early death for the Democratic party was predicted after the overwhelming defeat of Parker in 1904, even the staunchest Democrats did not foresee that ten years later the party would go to the people with a record of two years' achievement and receive from them a favorable verdict. Had the mind imaged a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress placing upon the statute books in 1913 a Democratic tariff law, and proceeding later to the passage of currency and trust measures long called for in Democratic platforms, it would have been with amazement that one returned to the reality of a more than two millions' majority for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. The Democratic party seemed hopelessly discredited, and to have lost vitality even as a compelling opposition.

Its condition seemed little better four years later. Although the popular leader of 1896 and 1900 was again the nominee and the party seemed more united as the opposition was less aggressive, the Democratic vote, greater than in 1904, was less than in 1896. Twelve years of leadership found Bryan more distant than ever from bringing the Democratic party into power. Meanwhile the Republican party for the first time since the Civil War had won a fourth consecutive victory. The incoming president, Mr. Taft, was an official of long training in national service and was relied upon to carry forward the policies of the Republican leaders. Congress was overwhelmingly Republican, as it had been for the preceding fourteen years.

Two years later, as a result of the Congressional elections of 1910, the House came into the control of the Democrats, the party electing a majority of the members in a straight two-party contest with the Republicans. Apparently the Democracy had at last won the confidence of a majority of the electorate. To most commentators this seemed unlikely, and the vote of 1912 showed their scepticism to be well founded. The Republicans who had been alienated from their party in 1910 either voted the Progressive ticket or returned to the Republican party in 1912, for the combined vote of Roosevelt and Taft duplicated in sum and distribution the Taft vote of 1908. At the same time Wilson's vote was somewhat less than Bryan's had been in 1908. The distribution was essentially the same, the vote for Wilson less in the West and somewhat greater in certain sections than that cast for Bryan in any of his campaigns, and less than that cast for any Democratic candidate since the Civil War, save only Parker.

The Democratic vote for members of Congress revealed the same weakness. They no longer had a majority, as in 1910. In seventy-nine districts the Democratic candidates were successful only because of the division of the Republican vote, and the presence of twelve of these was essential to the control of the House. A majority of the electorate voted against the Democratic candidates, and the distribution of the Democratic majority districts makes it clear that the party was at best holding its vote of many years. The same is true in the case of three Democrats elected to the Senate in 1912, whose presence gave to the party control of the Senate. In every phase of the national election the Democratic party was shown either on the decline or barely holding its own, and it came into complete control of the government only because of the serious division of the opposition.

It was a minority President, in a degree greater than any in our history save Lincoln and the second Adams, that was inaugurated in March of 1913. An early appreciation of that fact led Mr. Wilson in his inaugural address to interpret his election as "more than the mere success of a party," and to "summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men" to his side. It was a minority Congress also to whom he read his first message in April, and yet at that time, in no uncertain way, he called upon his party associates to carry out the pledge of a Democratic tariff revision.

The political task before President Wilson was that of giving pause to the decline that the party had suffered ever since the more radical elements had captured control. He had to accomplish this while pledged to the enactment of the measures so repeatedly rejected by the electorate, and while depending for fullest support upon members of the party that had never been in full sympathy with the "new Democracy of 1896." His policies had been outlined by a Western Democracy, while the bulk of his Congressional majorities were from the South. With an immediacy of determination rare in a minority ruler, President Wilson induced a reluctant Congress to enact three Democratic proposals of long standing. In forcing Democratic legislation upon the tariff, the currency, and the "trusts," he had the fullest backing of Bryan,

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veiled hostility of powerful Eastern journals, that had long waited for a Democratic president to uphold the traditions of Tilden and Cleveland, and that still professed to believe that harsh criticism of the minority President would bring about the desired end.

Events somewhat beyond the President's control led him to place the party in its traditional and little understood attitude upon foreign affairs. Disturbances in Mexico, a dispute with England, and a reversal of policy in China, all of them legacies of a period of Republican rule, brought vividly before the voter the lack of aggressive tone and essentially Continental policy of the men in charge of the government. The party's proposal to grant independence to the Philippine Islands was only spared a very general condemnation by the delay in forcing the issue.

While Mr. Wilson's initial steps in office indicated a desire to subordinate partisan considerations in filling public offices, the return of the Democracy to power after many years of exile compelled the President to countenance a partisan regime in Washington. Indeed, everything combined to bring the Democratic party before the country in its distinctly partisan character. Little or no opportunity was provided that the President, as in his inaugural address, might call upon the progressive men of all parties. The occasional non-partisan support was lost sight of in the din of partisan rejoicing. The President himself grew more not less partisan in his tone. The nature of his endorsements of Democratic candidates for office was frequently such as greatly to surprise Progressives and progressive Republicans who had found encouragement in his earlier declarations of non-partisan purposes.

In view of these circumstances, that the Democratic party retained control of the government in the 1914 elections in spite of the partial disappearance of the Progressive party and the consequent returning strength of the Republican opposition, would seem to indicate the most remarkable change in political sentiment since 1894. That the party had changed its character or its appeal, there is no evidence. That a considerable number of voters had come to its support since 1912 would seem, on the surface, to be the indication of the election returns.

That this gain is, in reality, an aftermath of the Republican schism of 1912 and not an important promise for the future seems, however, reasonably certain. Considering the nation-wide vote, the verdict of the electorate upon the performance of the Democracy has been the same as that given has actually continued to decline in popular support, as it did from 1896 to 1912, cannot be determined definitely until after another Presidential election. That Wilson, before the electorate by proxy, proved very little if any stronger than in 1912, is the outstanding feature of the recent elections.

In face of such a verdict, what future could there be for the Democracy? Its administration of the government condemned, as its platform of proposals had been repeatedly rejected, there would seem no escape from defeat the moment the opposition should be united in support of an aggressive leader. All this could be set at naught only by the possibility of the Democracy changing its appeal and presenting it with conviction.

Developments outside of the United States have made possible a change in American party alignment. In fact, the change has already appeared. Not only has the European cataclysm impelled thousands, formerly restless, to "sit tight," as evidenced in the conservative reaction, but it has also placed the question of America's relationship to the world foremost of all questions. The Progressive party has, at least temporarily, disintegrated. The Democratic party must cease for the present to counsel "reform," as it has already ceased to talk of the measures now on the statute books. The Republican party, even though strengthened in protective tariff areas, finds that policy at least second to an aggressive foreign policy. Not that the party will call for actual interference in European affairs, but that catastrophe has served to emphasize American purposes and interests in world affairs.

Thus the two-party alignment stands more clearly revealed than ever, because the Democratic and Republican parties are protagonists upon the questions that have become uppermost in men's minds. The Democratic President would hold aloof from Europe, would continue to pursue a policy of conciliation with the countries south of us, and would not be aggressive in matters pertaining to the Orient. The Republican party, wedded to a policy of protection and expansion, must favor an aggressive policy of interest, participation, and often interference in affairs beyond our borders in every corner of the globe. This division reveals the probable nature of the alignment in the next campaign.

Such an alignment would tend to break a political practice that has been unvaried since the Civil War. Traditional Democratic-Republican alignment was formed in the heat of armed conflict and men have continued to vote as they or their fathers

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tribution of Presidential votes shows clearly that the great alignment underlies all differences. Even in the later years when the economic differences of East and West have been given so much prominence, the alignment within the smaller areas seems to have been upon an alignment formed in battle. When we have deplored the blind loyalty of men to party, we have been deploring the passions aroused in the sixties.

Realignment upon a foreign policy might speedily change all this. There have been some indications of change in recent years, due partly to the rise of a third generation since the Civil War, but also to the increase of American interests in world affairs since 1900. The great interior provinces have differed with the coast areas as to the basis for tariff making and as to so significant a departure as ship subsidy. These are surface indications of a deeper cause. Great sections of the interior have begun to vote as they would wish to sell or to shoot. This was unquestionably a contributing cause to the revolt of the insurgent Republicans against the dominance of the party by Eastern interests. This disintegration of Republican strength in the Middle West would have reached the point of causing a party realignment only after a series of campaigns, had not the European war precipitated a crisis in our affairs.

In the event of such a realignment of forces, the Democracy would seem at a disadvantage, not only because of the recent period of continued decline and the very strong American desire to go beyond our borders, but also because of the diverse elements that go to make up the body of its voters. Of the great bulk of its vote, one-third is in the South, another third in the Eastern cities and the balance in the agricultural sections of the Middle West. In increasing the last without diminishing the other support, lies the hope of Democratic leaders. But whereas it is natural that the great majority in the interior provinces should favor a peaceful and non-aggressive foreign policy, the Northern Mississippi Valley has not been friendly to Democratic tariffs.

If, however, the tariff issue should be subordinated in 1916, as it may well be, since Democratic control of the Senate is assured until 1918, and an aggressive foreign policy should be the determining issue, the Middle West would in all probability cast its vote with that of the South for the Democratic nominee; the more likely if that nominee be Wilson or Bryan, for the slogan of "restoring the government to the people," which has been used so constantly by them, was the basis of the insurgent Republican movement in the

achieved an alignment of voters based more on a definitely proposed action than on past prejudice.

Such an alignment would have enduring qualities. Not only in foreign policy but in problems at home, the East and far West have common interests and desires. The agricultural Middle West and the agricultural sections of the South should be as one upon economic demands and in the attitude of the individual toward his government. If a genuine party alignment be once achieved, we should expect the interior provinces to be more and more devoted to internal questions, and to differ from the East, interested in Europe and South America, and the far West, greatly interested in matters pertaining to the Orient. A future for the Democratic party rests in winning the full support of the united Mississippi Valley.

Such developments must further redound to the advantage of the Democracy by placing the thoroughgoing Progressives further than ever from the Republican party. That they will follow a few of their leaders into the Democratic party is unlikely. The conservative basis of the Democratic party in the South is made, at best, liberal by the addition of support from the agricultural Middle West—not progressive in the sense of change, but liberal in the sense of reform, and by the leadership of Woodrow Wilson. As the Republican party assumes more and more the character of a conservative party, the Democratic party is seen of nature and of necessity to take on the character of a liberal party. This character is emphasized more and more as it remains in power.

That in such a case there is need and indeed the certainty of a sizeable progressive or radical party needs no proof. Whereas both Republican and Democratic parties fit as antagonists into the present crisis, there is even now call for a group that shall use as the basis of their demands the social planks of the Progressive party of 1912. It will remain a small party so long as a foreign issue dominates party affairs. Its smallness has advantages, for it will lose the dangers arising out of the support of the near-Progressives, so evident in its strength in 1912. It will draw its strength from the cities and the universities. It cannot hope for twenty years to win considerable party victories, but its existence and growth will prod the Republican party in state contests, and the Democratic party, while it retains national power.

Altogether a long term of Democratic years is probable. Democratic liberalism, standing between Republican conservatism and Progressive radicalism, will naturally carry on the business of the government until a crisis shall throw the nation

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A COMMUNICATION

The War and the Way Out

SIR: In your issue of January second you publish a very able comment on my article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of December last, entitled "The War and the Way Out." Perhaps you will allow me to offer some further explanation of my position. For clearly, through brevity or other causes, I have not succeeded in making myself altogether intelligible. The points you raise are of great importance. I will take them in order.

1. In a brief (perhaps too brief) reference to the view that justifies war for the sake of trade, I accept, without elaborating it, the doctrine of Mr. Norman Angell. That doctrine is of course, among other things, a doctrine of free trade. And the policy of exclusion, by tariffs and monopolies, intended to benefit one nation at the cost of others, is part of that false theory of the state which I am combatting. It is true, as your article points out, that the application of that false theory can and does cause injury, and may easily cause war. It was in fact one of the causes of the present war; for it was the attempt of France, supported by England, to exclude German capital and enterprise from Morocco that exasperated German opinion to the point at which war seemed a legitimate adventure. The competition of capitalists to acquire a monopoly of markets or concessions in undeveloped countries has led governments into war. But governments so led are either themselves under the influence of a false theory of what is really in the long run beneficial to the people whose interest they ought to consult, or, as your article suggests, they are simply bribed by certain interests to sacrifice to those interests the general well-being of the nation. I see nothing in all this incompatible with the general position I maintain, even though in writing particular sentences I have not adverted to it.

I remarked that "for all purposes of trade, for all peace purposes, the Dardanelles are open." You reply that somebody might close them. No doubt; to the great economic injury of the country closing them. Such an act would be an act of aggression, and might lead to war. I did not deny that such things do happen, or might happen. I urged that they were based upon a wrong theory of the interests of states. I hold the position, widely held among economists, that free trade is broadly as much to the advantage of the individual nations as to that of the world. But I referred only in passing to that doctrine, which has been defended at length and in detail by those more competent to handle it than myself. Supposing, however, the doctrine to be denied, supposing it to be held that tariffs and monopolies benefit the nation imposing or acquiring them, I urged, and I maintain, that to risk or make war for or against such measures is a crime; that any trade advantages that might be gained by them are incommensurable with the moral and material evil of war. I believe that the common sense and the conscience of plain people will everywhere admit this, and that the point has only to be clearly put to be obvious. You may disagree with me consistency or of lack of realism.

2. Your article proceeds to accuse me of inconsistency because while on the one hand I assert that governments and those who influence them have a theory of the state which ignores the true interests of their citizens, on the other hand I accept nationality as a principle with which citizens are vitally concerned. There is no inconsistency in my thought, though I suppose there must have been some in my expression of it. I say on the one hand that in international affairs governments and all who think with the "governmental mind" pursue aims of power and expansion for the "state" without ever envisaging the bearing of their policy on the actual concrete well-being, material and spiritual, of the people. I adhere to this statement. And I assert that the whole history of Europe for centuries, and the biographies of statesmen, and the books of historians and publicists, exemplify it at every point. On the other hand I admit and assert that the feeling we call nationality, the feeling of "belonging together," the desire and determination to conduct one's own affairs and not to have them conducted for one by other people of another race and other ideals, that all this is felt by peoples to be so much their interest that they will fight and die for it. Where is the inconsistency? The false theory of the state put into effect by rulers and statesmen has led, all over Europe, to the oppression of nationalities by alien governments. The undoing of that wrong, so far as it can be undone at this stage, would be a great asset for peace. And that is why I, in common with all who have thought on the subject, desire that the sentiment of nationality should be taken account of at the settlement. To put the point in the concrete: when Prussians assert that it is worth while to go to war in order to expand the power, territory and prestige of the Prussian state, they are acting under a delusion which leads them to a crime. In my language, they are thinking in the terms of the "abstract state." But when Belgians resist this aggression they are acting for the sake of one of the greatest of spiritual goods, the power to determine one's own life. I may be right or wrong in making this distinction. But surely I am not inconsistent. And surely Americans are the last people likely to disagree with me.

3. Your editorial passes on to make some comments on the conclusion of my article, where I very briefly adumbrate a federation of Europe. I believe that to be the ultimate salvation. But, as I said, I do not think Europe will be ripe for it immediately after the war. I do not therefore think it worth while, as you suggest that I should do, to work out an elaborate constitution for Europe. What I, in common with many others, do think practicable after the war is a League of Peace. And I hope shortly to have an opportunity to lay before American readers the lines on which I think this could and should be constructed.

4. Your article remarks finally that I am trusting to a "spiritual conversion, to so vast an illumination of reason and good-will that any plan would work." I do

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able catastrophe like that which has engulfed civilization has no effect to stir men to new resolves and new efforts, then indeed the future of mankind is desperate. To do any good in the world there is required not only that intelligence and knowledge of which your reviewer shows such good proof, but the harder, more heroic virtue of faith, in which we of the schools are too apt to be defective. And if we in Europe, those of us who work for a better world, look across to America for sympathy and help, it is because we feel that there are millions of men and women there not discouraged by the intolerable weight of a bad and tragic past, not sophisticated by false theories, not divided against themselves by the lamentable antagonism of the intellect and the heart, but acting and feeling simply and sincerely according to the dictates of decent human kindness and uncorrupted common sense, with a judgment unaffected by the evil passions of war, and therefore with the capacity to throw their weight in the scale of civilization on the side of a settlement which may make impossible a repetition of this folly and crime.

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CORRESPONDENCE

In Defense of Mr. Bowdle

SIR: The editorial entitled "Chivalry in Congress" in your number of January twenty-third, which indicts the Hon. Stanley E. Bowdle of Ohio for indecency in his recent anti-suffrage speech, invites defense of Mr. Bowdle.

I happen to have the honor of a slight acquaintance with Mr. Bowdle. That, however, is not the excuse for this letter. Everyone who does know him recognizes and values his whimsical humor, his vigorous originality of thought and expression, his integrity and his high ideals—rare qualities in public men—and knows him to be utterly different from the lewd boor you have made him out to be. His friends feel that he has been struck at in a peculiarly vicious way and without opportunity of defense.

The thing that strikes one most forcibly about the attack is the blindness of it. A few words out of a long speech have been isolated from their context and held up for contempt. Some sentences may read unfortunately, lacking the overtones of the spoken word. But why has the critic so utterly failed to understand that they were humorous? The parenthesis "(Laughter and applause)" should have given the clue to their essential quality. All the arguments about woman's suffrage, whether pro or con, have been worn threadbare. Mr. Bowdle's speech expressed many of the familiar ideas, it is true, but set them forth in a humorous and pleasing form that appeals strongly to the average man, who greatly prefers a laugh to cold logic. It is a fact that many votes against suffrage were gained in the House by this very speech. You have attempted to answer him with a melancholy seriousness, a gloomy solemnity, a total lack of all humor. He is told impressively that he is no gentleman. The editorial is in that respect unconsciously far funnier than the speech was meant to be.

The substance of the speech deserves better consideration. Mr. Bowdle's principal offense seems to have been in recognizing and commenting on the sex of women. It has been said that the movement is a mere expression of sex antagonism. It is true that to tell a suffragist that a woman is a female creature is the last insult. And yet to the average male—I speak from experience—that fact sticks in his mind whenever he attempts to argue on woman's suffrage. The strangest thing of all is that whenever an argument based on this fundamental fact is made, the supporters of the cause never attempt to answer the argument, but instead scold the man who uses it. Mr. Bowdle has given voice to certain of these forbidden arguments against woman's suffrage in a dangerously humorous way and has suffered

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Altruism in Politics

SIR: Your contention that the Socialist movement is undergoing a process of degeneration appears to be based on the fact that the Socialist party no longer makes its appeal solely to the wage-earning population, but invites the support of people in all walks of life. You do not make it quite clear why this change should be considered a degeneration.

During the time of Marx and Engels, when capitalistic society was comparatively immature, it was but natural that Socialism should place its main reliance on the working classes. But now that capitalism has developed to such a degree that its evils are apparent to all, should it be regarded as an unfavorable sign, from the Socialist standpoint, that increasing numbers of people who are not directly affected by these evils are prompted by altruistic motives to work through Socialism for their abolition?

If this question is answered in the affirmative, it should properly be demanded that the Socialist party dispense with most of its leaders and so-called intellectuals, few of whom are dependent for their living upon wages. To the ordinary observer such a step would seem to be entirely lacking in justification.

If Socialism is weak in certain industrial centers, it is not because its doctrines are not revolutionary enough. The weakness is due to the mental inertia and spiritual sluggishness of the workers who inhabit these regions. The psychological influences of habit and heredity tend to make these people content with the colorless and uncultured existences which they are forced to lead, and we have the spectacle of men and women who are themselves favorably situated struggling to attain the ideal of Socialism, which is to make every human being a cultured person, while a large part of those whose condition they aim to improve is satisfied with social stagnation, and refuses to help in the work of reconstruction.

Socialists have not neglected to direct their propaganda towards the class of workers referred to. But, judging by results, they have gone at it in the wrong way. If in the future they will lay less emphasis upon the promise of immediate economic advancement, and will make their appeal primarily to the spiritual natures of the workers; if they will show that it is in accordance with the highest conceptions of religion that men should think of the welfare of coming generations we may look forward to a great change in the attitude of the workers who are

The Decay of Respectability

TO refer to the Victorian era is scarcely permissible in America, and yet, without possessing a symbol for it, we had our Victorian era. In her own department Victoria, like Cleopatra, was incomparable. Time could not wither, nor custom stale, Victoria's infinite respectability. But now a change is invincibly evident. Respectability is losing its empire. The craving does, of course, persist. It is, as the ethnologists teach us, a craving generated in all elderly persons and asserted inevitably. But it is a craving which the age is not indulging. Prunes and prisms are not at present in the mode.

It is in the theatre that we find most evidence of this change in social humor. It is a myth that the popular dramatist is the slave of the frowning matron. It is an illusion that respectable people refuse to hear any mention of the world, the flesh and the devil. Allowing liberally for the theory that New York does not savor food unless it bites, the regular theatre of to-day is packed with law-abiding citizens who are fascinated by sin, crime and vice. The subjects that once were firmly taboo are now just as firmly exposed. If the public is saying "no" to the innovation, it is the "no" that leaves the door on the latch.

To speak of "sin," "crime" and "vice" is, I believe, to affront certain emancipated souls. Against any such calamity I wish to guard myself. A distinct moral odor does cling to these familiar words, and they suggest that one retains conservative prejudices against arson, treason, felony and rape. But the terms are not employed with any such craven intention. Neither affirming nor denying my own humble opinion in the matter, I use them in the popular sense to define such current theatrical themes as murder, theft, abortion, drug-habits, drunkenness, prostitution, adultery, fornication, seduction, polygamy. If these acts are roughly classified as vices or crimes, to the distaste of the emancipated, it is because the old terminology is carried into new regions, as prints of the common earth are tracked up the aisles of the temple.

Among the plays that testify to this departure from Victorian reticence I do not think primarily of "Maternity." It is true that "Maternity" is the most pronounced example of the drama that runs counter to convention. It takes a subject that has always been surrounded with mystery, a subject supposed to be beyond comprehension and hence one into which no modest or decent person would intrude. But in promoting the scientific attitude toward human reproduction, Brieux did not really carry the public with him. He treated of crime and vice, but he did so with the gravest reasonableness, and it is not exactly with grave reasonableness that the respectable person has yet come to see these topics on the stage.

Far more typical are plays like "Outcast," "The Song of Songs," "Kick In," "The Miracle Man," "The Law of the Land," "The Show Shop," "On Trial," "Under Cover," "The Lie," "The Fallen Idol," "The Shadow," and even undressing plays like "A Pair of Silk Stockings."

Take, for example, "A Pair of Silk Stockings." Exhibited at a quintessentially respectable theatre, almost a theatre for the *jeune fille,* the principal scene in the play is the undressing of an attractive young actress. Personally, it was almost the only part of that dull little comedy I enjoyed. I regretted to observe how the corset had impaired the actress's figure, and I disapproved of the English complacency of her snug but ugly union suit. Otherwise, it was charming. In the removal of fine sheer garabout our admission to the intimacy of her bedroom. But was it respectable? Are we supposed to know that women undress and go to bed? Our ancestors knew it as an occasion of sin and kept it from our gaze. Now it is exposed, and a mixed audience shares the awful revelation. It was to no purpose that the bifurcation of woman was Victorianly concealed.

But significant as this slight incident is, it illustrates a tolerance of action, not ideas. In plays like "Outcast" and "The Song of Songs," it is the ideas as well as the action that clash with Victorian reticence. The common impression of "The Song of Songs" is that, unlike Sudermann's book, it makes a cheap appeal and draws a porcine crowd. But many respectable theatregoers are accepting it as freely as they accepted "The City" and "The Easiest Way." It is taken as a story of sexual adventure, and in its most vivid scene, the scene of the drunken supper, it works hard to satisfy respectable curiosity as to one aspect of vice. Perhaps in some people modesty exceeds curiosity, but not when it comes to the career of a woman on the loose. It may not be respectable to talk of prostitutes, but it is perfectly respectable to see one in "Outcast," and to hear her tell her tale. And in "Outcast" and "The Song of Songs" the public does not insist on virtue triumphant. They are satisfied when the women in these plays are brought to a marital, if not a happy, end.

In "Kick In" there is a reminiscence of "The Deep Purple." It is one of those sophisticated melodramas in which a glamor is thrown around the underworld by a specious realism and common sense. It introduces us to crooks and gives us the crook morality. The extent to which the public enters into the illusion is a fair sample of the tepidity and insipidity of their own lives. Here, indeed, there are several crooks who are trying to "go straight," but it is to the sporting instinct of the audience, not the reform instinct, that the dramatist appeals with this situation. To respectability the play attempts no concessions. The dope-fiend, the thief's mistress, the crooked detective, are all exhibited to an audience that apparently prides itself on being "knowing." It is the person unacquainted with crime that is patronized at a play like "Kick In." The same thing applies to plays like "Under Cover," "On Trial," "The Law of the Land." They offer no apology to the respectable. They initiate the respectable into life, meaning by "life" the primal impulse, since, as J. Arthur Thomson says, "One is tempted sometimes to say that *the* primal impulse of organisms—even before hunger and love—is self-expression, self-assertion, and insurgence. But these by-words are all covered by the little word 'life.' For life is activity, effective activity, regulated activity, self-assertive activity."

That the public—or that section of it which provides a favorable environment for play organisms—has given up its reticence without realizing that reticence has often an imaginative value is certainly true; and I think the curiosity that exists is often inflamed. But whenever I feel inclined to deplore these things I read James J. Walsh, M.D., and am restored to my love of life. "The theatre is frankly evil in all its influences at the present time," laments the doctor. "It is almost impossible to point out a play given in one of our large cities at the present time in which the suggestion of evil does not overweigh any possible influence for good. There are a few good plays. They usually run a very short course. They exert practically no influence." Think of being so timid! When I read this, I rejoice that respectability is decaying. I decline to stand, like Dr. Walsh on an altitudinous chair, with

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Books and Things

YOUR business, beyond question, is to do your duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased some god to call you. But suppose this god were less easily pleased? Suppose he had called you unto a more brilliant state, had made you a lord of coupons, a stower-away and salter-down of the unearned increment. What would you do then? Were the case mine I should do several things beside my duty. For example, I should hire a theatre in Chicago or New York and begin a series of one-man shows. To every writer its own dramatist. At intervals of two or three weeks there would be performances, the whole arranged chronologically. By the end of winter you would have had a chance to see Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray, or Ibsen, translated by somebody specially born for the occasion. One writer would be given to a selection from Arthur Schnitzler's plays, and some time, mostly to please myself, I should find a winter for Maurice Donnay.

Inasmuch as Maurice Donnay is one of the dramatists I should delight to honor, I have not heard without emotion that New York's French theatre is going to put on "Les Eclaireuses" next week. The news takes me back about fifteen years, to the day when I "discovered" Donnay by reading Jules Lemaître, and sent an order to a New York bookseller. "L'Affranchie" was all he had in stock, and proved, when at last it arrived by post, a little disconcerting. Its slow movement came gently to an end somewhere in the second act, a crowd of visitors invading the stage at tea-time and lingering to talk of many irrelevant things. For almost half an act the play never stirred. My conscience was troubled by such indifference to everything I had read about construction. Peace came when I perceived that Donnay broke the rules on purpose. In that peace I found leisure to look about, to be seduced by the Venice heard and felt throughout the first act, a water-color Venice that has waited for lovers. "Regarde," says one of these lovers, Antonia de Moldère, when she is beginning to tell Roger Dembrun an untruthful story of her life, "Regarde: il y a des spectacles dont notre âme s'ennoblit. Peut-on s'égayer devant un coucher de soleil et peut-on mentir devant la mélancolique splendeur de Venise endormie?"

"La Bascule," at the Gymnase, was the first Donnay play I saw acted. Knowing next to nothing about the modern stage, I still believed plays could be classified as tragedy, drama, comedy, farce, and so on. "La Bascule" seemed more like a farce than anything else, but what a strange farce! No mechanism, no ingenious combinations. The people on the stage, beside doing droll things, found time to talk most agreeably. Hubert, who loved his mistress madly and his wife tenderly, and who looked upon this arrangement as the most natural in the world, had love to spare for the eighteenth century, and told his love in pleasant words. His mistress, an actress, was different from the staple mistress of French vaudeville. She was gay, tender, witty and kind. And her lover, not Hubert, but the other man, the lover she meant to take as soon as she had broken with Hubert, made landscapes with his words. He did his melancholy and winning landscapes without quitting the tone of talk, without saying things that sounded written. He spoke of the afternoon [illegible] les verrons, les grands bateaux noirs, s'engager dans la [illegible] et cela console de bien des choses." How scendait sur l'étang où de grosses carpes brunes, avec des bruits de baisers gloutons, venaient manger le pain que leur jettaient vos petites mains blanches." The picture is not ornament. It is part of his feeling for the woman he is talking to.

An interviewer once induced Maurice Donnay to describe his method. It is simple. He finds a subject and thinks about it. Ideas for scenes occur to him, and odds and ends of dialogue. He never makes a scenario. He takes something he has felt and surrounds it with something he has observed. For him this absence of method is right. So is his looseness of construction. The feeling for the sake of which he dramatizes hasn't often volume enough to flood a whole play. Tributaries of observation are needed. But in his happier mood the observation and the feeling flow together down the same channel. "Amants" was written in one of his happiest moods. It is rich in droll speeches. Le Comte de Ruyseux, looking back upon his life, describes his destiny with calm: "Enfin, j'ai été vraiment ce qu'on appelle un joli garçon . . . j'ai été cocu. Et qu'on ne vienne pas me dire qu'il faut être un héros: au moment de la guerre, j'avais une bonne amie . . . je l'ai quittée pour aller me battre, j'ai reçu une balle dans le bras, un coup de sabre à la jambe, j'ai été cité à l'ordre du jour; mais pendant qu'on me soignait, j'ai été cocu. . . . Enfin je me suis marié, j'avais un joli nom, de la fortune, j'étais à cette époque un des chefs du parti, j'ai été cocu." Another character, a younger man, sums up the story of his heart: "Je n'ai jamais aimé qu'une seule femme, et elle était de chambre." Yet it is precisely "Amants" where all the parts are most in the picture, where the whole play touches the most varied absurdities with its own charm, where the whole play breathes out a kind of poetry, a physical wistfulness, a sensual grace.

It was Scribe, I think, who said he conceived his plays as happening in a theatre, on a stage seen from the tenth or twelfth row. Listen to Donnay's setting for the third act of "Le Torrent": "C'est une claire après-midi de septembre; le ciel est d'un bleu léger et il y a du mauve dans les lointaines. Parfois, une chataigne mûre se détache de la branche et fait, en tombant à travers les feuilles, un bruit de soie froissée, puis un bruit mat en arrivant sur le sol couvert de fougères, de bruyères et d'ajoncs en fleurs, et qui semble un grand tapis, avec, sur un fond vert et roux, des taches lumineuses de violet et or." Stage directions like these were written by a dramatist who imagines his characters as saying and doing things in real places. Such a dramatist, when at last he sets about controlling for the theatre's purposes men and women who once moved freely, outside the theatre, in his imagination, is likely to let them keep an air of freedom, to illude us into believing that they live a life of their own. It is a gift, though not Maurice Donnay's greatest. His greatest is his language. He has taught wit and tenderness, fancy, irony and passion to speak with an accent of unpremeditation. He can open so easily windows toward far prospects. "Il y a une petite rechute, ce soir," says Suzanne, in "L'Escalade," to a man she has undertaken to cure of melancholy. "Eh bien, venez voir la mer avec moi, et les lumières du Havre s'allumer. Elle doit être pleine en ce moment et, cet après-midi, il y avait au large de grands bateaux qui attendaient l'heure de la marée. Nous

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Compton Mackenzie

Sinister Street, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.

Youth's Encounter, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.

A FEW years ago a young Englishman wrote a novel called "Carnival" which was, substantially, the birth, adventures and death of a London ballet girl. It was immediately marked down with the quaint directness of our critics as a realistic work of strongly "unpleasant" tendencies, and a year or so later the author's poignant study of childhood, "Youth's Encounter," was excluded by the British libraries. Both these books were undeserving of the false and misleading vogue they thus acquired. "Carnival" was simply and very obviously a young man's book, developed in a rather beautiful idiom, full of an immense zest, depending for its ultimate effect neither on observation nor background, nor on any of the stale stock-in-trade of the petty realist, but simply on the qualities of human intuition and the love of life expressed in terms of a very personal art.

As a study in genre also, an effort to express an essential background, the book was memorable in its way. Jenny was a cockney child, a true flower of those picturesque wastes which, ever since the days of Henley and Arthur Symons, have offered a mine of material to the imaginative realist. For an artist of Mr. Mackenzie's stamp, a man enamoured of queer streets and ancient corners as another might be of forests and hills, this was a comparatively easy feat, and the next book, "Youth's Encounter," aside from the superior technique and the increased mastery over words, showed a distinct advance in the capture of a more elusive atmosphere. The slum, after all, since its literary discovery by Dickens, has been the legitimate stalking-ground for writers of all sorts; but who, up to this time, has arrested the special flavor of Kensington and the suburb? Galsworthy and H. G. Wells, among others, have contributed admirable studies of middle-class life, but these have almost invariably been written from the standpoint of psychologic and social diagnosis rather than from the standpoint of romantic sympathy and emotion. Long ago, in his prose fantasia, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," G. K. Chesterton deplored loudly this neglect of the modern city, conceived as a thing of beauty, the universal blindness to the intrinsically romantic quality of familiar things. His complaint, we fear, was characteristically frivolous, but the note which he missed in modern letters has been magically sounded in "Carnival," and again in "Youth's Encounter," which, besides being a fine portrait of a spirited, lovable child, was a vision of London seen through a temperament. The book will always come in for a good deal of criticism from the people who see life in terms of number; for whom the earth is a swarm, and there are no such things as men; there is only "humanity." There is an art which reproduces life, but there is also an art which transcends and synthesises it. There is something in each of us perhaps which loves children and flowers and water, and all young, white, shining things, and it is to this feeling that "Youth's Encounter" will always speak. But the worst or best thing that can be said of it is that it lacks a social point of view.

"Sinister Street" is the second and final volume of that study in adolescence of which "Youth's Encounter" was the prologue. Many critics, we are told, persisted in reformless, this conviction was amplified into an attack on the form of the novel itself. "Art," said one reviewer brilliantly, "is selection." "It is time to protest against these long novels," wrote another; "at this rate we shall be spending all our time with books." The theme of the two stories, the author himself explains, is "the youth of a man who presumably will be a priest." If the presumption is correct, vocational training for that office has altered in startling fashion within our experience, for the hero, after some rather uncommon boyhood experiments in sensation, makes the most of his youth in the fastest college of dreaming Oxford. The Michael of St. Mary's and Cheyne Walk is not intagliated so perfectly as the schoolboy of Carlington Road, but one does not lose the sense that the slim, fair, picturesque youth is a vivid contribution to the literature of intuition. The Oxford episodes are charmingly wrought, with an effect as haunting and unsubstantial as the unreal landscape pricked with visionary spires which forms their background.

The following is a good example of Mr. Mackenzie's talismanic prose, at once diaphonous and cadenced:

> "There, as one lay at ease, the world became a world of tall-growing grasses and the noise of life no more than a river's lapping, or along the level meadows the faint sibillance of a wind. This was the season when supper was eaten by figures in silhouette against the sunset, figures that afterward drifted slowly down to college under the tree-entangled stars and flitting, assiduous bats, with no sound all the way but the rustle of a bird's wing in the bushes and the fizz of a lighted match dropped idly over the side of the canoe . . ."

Michael emerges from Oxford only to plunge voluntarily into the nethermost halls of London harlotry and blackguardism by way of reconciling classic with vital education. It is then that the somewhat cryptic connotation of the title begins to reveal itself. "Sinister Street" is simply the interval that occurs in certain temperaments, when there is a definite, imaginative hunger for the sordid and hideous possibilities which life holds out to the voyager in spiritual adventures. Baudelaire—or Arthur Symons—expressed perfectly this "homesickness for the mud" in the lines:

> "I love thee, infamous City. Harlots and
> Bandits have pleasures of their own to give
> The common herd can never understand."

It is a sort of nostalgia for the outposts of moral and civilized life. The exotic element which exists in absolute evil, the inhumanity which hides in human beings abnormally sharpened and debased by suffering, for some of us these carry their allure. For Michael this experience was foredoomed from infancy. "He could not remember any period of his life when the speculum of hidden thought had not reflected that shadow of evil which overcast the manifestations of most ordinary existence. . . . He would try in the fire of his experience, honor, pride, courtesy, humility. All these must come to his aid if he were going to marry a whore." . . . For the ostensible cause of Michael's demigration is the lost Lily, his vanished sweetheart, and through the highways and byways of vile London streets he seeks her with the intention of marriage, "to make an honest woman of her." Here we find the motivation a trifle thin, but the pages dealing with the love-marts and London pavements are among the best in the book and there are at least half a dozen superb

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at the end of Tinderbox Lane; Sylvia Scarlett like a romanticized page of Krafft-Ebing, for whom the Satyricon was the first of books "because it seems ignorant of goodness"; Henry Meats, ex-monk, murderer and pimp, and finally the three prostitutes. It will be seen that the author spares you nothing; all the vigor of a remarkable vocabulary and a genius for the steady accumulation of effects, whether lovely or repulsive, are brought to bear on the building up of that penultimate episode in the black little basement of the middle-aged strumpet, which in the light of many recent novels merits a certain admiration.

On the wings of this experience Michael, who has strayed so near the skirts of hell, rushes away on that long contemplated journey to Rome. We leave him standing in a deserted square near the Esquilline, "gazing up at one mighty column jet black against the starshine." "All that I have done and experienced so far," he exclaims, "would not scratch this stone. I have been given knowledge and I fancied I was given disillusion. If now I offer myself to God very humbly, I give myself to the service of man. . . . The reason why the modern world is so critical of the fruits of Christianity after nineteen hundred years is because they have expected it from the beginning to be a social panacea. God has only offered to the individual the chance to perfect himself. . . . "

Mr. Mackenzie is still a young man, but it is conceivable that he will never surpass the book which lies before us. It would not matter. It is something to have discovered in the dawn of twentieth-century England merely another battlefield of strange romance. It is worth while, in these days, to have created two beings—a girl and a boy—whose property is to compel love.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Understanding Your Enemy

The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart, by Cecil Chesterton. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00 net.

THE world needs its polemists. They are a necessary stimulant for that lethargic state of mind where lost connections and surrendered conclusions explain themselves in gracious sentimental platitudes. At the best a polemist is like a whirlwind, like a snow-scattered blizzard that drives through our minds and leaves them as fighting clean as his own.

Mr. Chesterton is essentially a destructive polemist. His book on the party system in England, "Party and People," is a swift and smashing political pamphlet. His frequent attacks on prohibition and temperance legislation are almost venomously effective. Unfortunately for his importance, the soul of a great nation, or, for that matter, the soul of any nation, does not yield itself so readily to demolition. You must understand a soul and interpret it before you can effectively excommunicate it. Perhaps the reason why the devil has never been successfully banished is, as Samuel Butler suggested, that God has written all the books.

Mr. Chesterton has attempted to excommunicate the soul of Germany by calling it the devil. It is a feverishly impotent attempt, the ill-nature of which is atoned for only by its absurdity. He devotes a chapter to each of the more important iniquities of Germany. Frederick I, the man who made modern Germany possible, is "The Great Diabolist," his wars are "The Wars of Anti-Christ" and his creed, for Mr. Chesterton denies him the consolation of re-Barbarians," and the contents of the succeeding chapter are fitly described by its heading, "Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch To Live," an anachronism for which one is duly thankful. It is peculiarly appropriate to Mr. Chesterton's temperament that the best word he has for Belgium is to withold praise and promise revenge. "I prefer," he says, "to leave such feeble words as I could use unwritten, and to wait for the day when we can help her to see her desire done upon her enemies." Confronted by this unbelievable Marathon of an entire nation, such gratitude seems really a bit primitive.

It is, however, a way of expressing gratitude quite as profound and ineradicable as it is primitive. The simple and frank desire to hurt your enemies or the enemies of your friends may extend and ramify through all the processes of your thought until it becomes the very texture of your thought. Together with its natural corollary, to love your friends, it may become elaborated and modelled into an intricate system with a metaphysic and ritual of its own and a psychology so humanly appealing that it fastens upon the mind like an obsession. It extends from the people you do not like to the things and ideas you do not like, and by providing a name and a final destination for them, it makes them very easy to fight. Equipped with such a system you can face this poor blundering world with equanimity, confident that your opponents are heretics and your enemies condemned. You need no longer hesitate over points of view or methods of approach, they have been already made for you, it remains only to exercise them. You do not have to be constructive; your constructive thinking was finished before you were born.

Mr. Chesterton betrays this manner of thought in one particularly illuminating instance. "Every government," he says, "whether its form be democratic, oligarchic or despotic, claims the obedience of its subjects on the ground that it represents Justice as the nation conceives it, that it bears the sword for the punishment of evil-doers and the encouragement of them that do well." Such a conception of the function of government reads like a passage from the Old Testament. Or it would have made an excellent manifesto for the Inquisition. It is against just this kind of mental sterility that the most laborious efforts of modern thought are being directed. Democracy staggers under the weight of such private obsessions with morality. It is easy to imagine, easy even to administer a government whose chief business is to arrest bad people and pin medals on good people, particularly when the same government defines vice and virtue. If that were all for which governments existed there would be no problem of politics, no problem of democracy, no problems at all except academic discussions of the degrees of sin in this world and debates on the various stages of damnation in the next. But, what is more pertinent, the German empire, that miracle of emphasis and organization, would be but the figment of a dream.

When Mr. Chesterton approached the idea of Germany with a policeman's conception of government, his failure to understand was inevitable. But to his inability for any kind of constructive interpretation he has voluntarily added another limitation. It is a well known fact of pugilism that when a fighter loses his temper he has usually lost his fight. Perhaps the one pleasing—I had almost said endearing—quality in Jack Johnson is his amused childlike smile before the hardest blows and in the face of the dirtiest heckling. The equanimity which that smile signified was of immense strategical importance to him. If Mr. Chesterton had been a Belgian one might have forgiven him for losing his

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summary of the contribution of the German empire to civilization has lost his case before he has stated it:

"She has produced the 17-inch Krupp howitzer, the materialistic mythology of Professor Haeckel, the Biblical fancies of Professor Harnack, the public buildings of Berlin, several statues of Bismarck and the Kaiser, and a large output of pornographic picture post-cards!"

At least we can agree with the exclamation mark.

KENNETH HUNTER.

Colyumist and Pote

By and Large, by Franklin P. Adams. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00 net.

A "colyumist" is one who conducts a column of assorted philosophy and foolishness in a daily newspaper. A "pote" is a versifier with a sense of humor. Readers of the metropolis and points syndicated are familiar with "The Conning Tower," a heliograph of hilarity upon which are flashed daily the thoughts of F.P.A. and his large troupe of performing galley-slaves known as "contribs." The habit of reading the New York *Tribune's* colyum, if fastened upon one in early years, is difficult to break. One begins soon to take a morbid delight in the things the conductor does to the odes of Horace; one learns to interpret initial letters and mystic symbols; and when it is too late to turn back, one is hopelessly interested in what "Our Own Samuel Pepys" had for lunch yesterday, and what show he saw, and by whom he was beaten at tennis in season.

Now and then the poetic cream of Franklin P. Adams's own work is collected into a book and sold freely to incurables. Such is "By and Large." It is fortunate that the thing is called a colyum, otherwise the author could not have written, in "Q.H.F.'s Address to his Book":

Verses fashioned for a colyum,
Who told you you were a volume?

Perhaps a better example of the liberties he takes with the absent Horace is the following:

The backbone of winter is broken;
The river is running with shad;
The phrases of baseball are spoken
In pictures by Briggs and by Tad.
The cattle come out of the stable;
The nymphs do the dip and the swing;
The rhubarb appears on the table;
In short, it is spring.

When he puts it straight to the flirtatious Pyrrha he says in part:

Who is the arrowcollar kid
You're playing in the grot with?
For whom the zippy Leghorn lid?
Whom do you do the trot with?

From Horace to the servant problem is practically nothing to this agile pote. There is Gretchen, for instance:

O blonde and bland Bavarian,
No longer in the flat
Of this here proletarian
Dost thou hang up thy hat.

Or Martha:

"Farewell"—I quote Lord Byron's song—
"Farewell"—and if the fates demand it
Shall be forever, I'll be strong
And try to stand it.
It raises particular hob.
But where is the pen that has ever portrayed
The way of a maid with a job?

Parody is no trouble at all to F.P.A.; one has a suspicion that Parody is his middle name.

I don't keer fer Perzhunn ties an' clo'es 'at's wore by king's;
I wunt shoes f'm Terry Hut, an' Injunopplis things.
Don't wunt no criss-anthey-ums 'at grows in any store.
Wunt a little daisy ist like Ou-er Annie wore.
Noon-time an' June-time beneath a nellum tree—
Here in Injeanny is the
Place
Fer
Me!

Then there is Robert W. Service, who "was never afraid to call a spade a murderous, hellish plow."

As the reader scampers through this book he is further advised that the bard invariably assassinates ladies who wear fish-hook curls, that Myrtilla, otherwise queenly, looks a fright in her tennis sneakers, and that lovely woman no longer stoops to folly, because her dresses are not built that way. He finds tribute, in reverse English, to cabaret bards, the tired business man (night) school of dramatics, New Haven directors, Hearst, Bermuda, banquets and rivetters. Also anyone who knows where all the fair maidens who attend football games hide the rest of the year will kindly report to the author, and no questions asked.

Mr. Adams is a reactionary as regards *vers libre:*

As to the New Poetry, should you ask me,
I should answer, No.
Briefly, and in a word, NO!
Henley could do it, but Witter Bynner and Amy Lowell can't.
Neither can I.

Decidedly out of place in this poetic carnival is "The Ball Game, by Our Own William de Morgan," and anyway, it isn't about a ball game at all but about Bellareaton, whose real name was apparently something else, and how young physicians mustn't advertise and a boy almost gets killed by an automobile but not quite. It isn't that the thing is bad. It is good enough for anybody, and to lovers of de Morgan's long but never quite long enough romances it is like old-home week. But there must be seven or eight reasons why prose should not be stuck in the middle of a book of deathless poems, if one could but think of them.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

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